# 2/- The Sketch

# SUMMER NUMBER

No. 2862 Vol. CCXX JUNE 16, 1954

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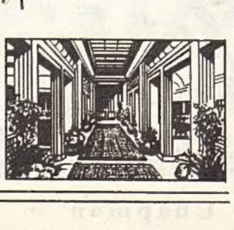

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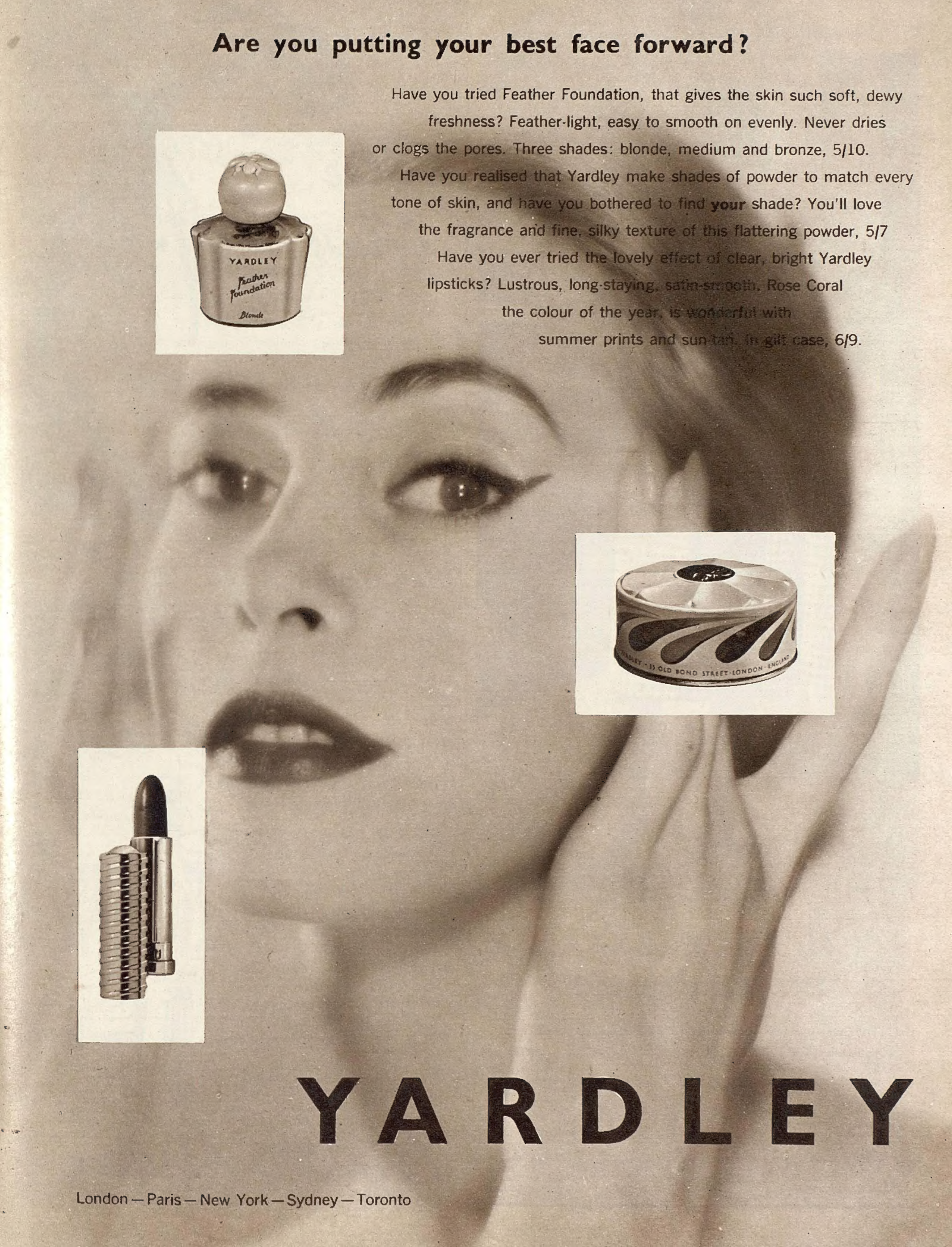
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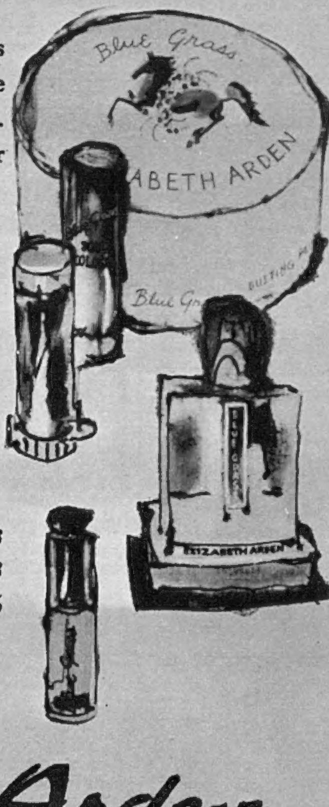


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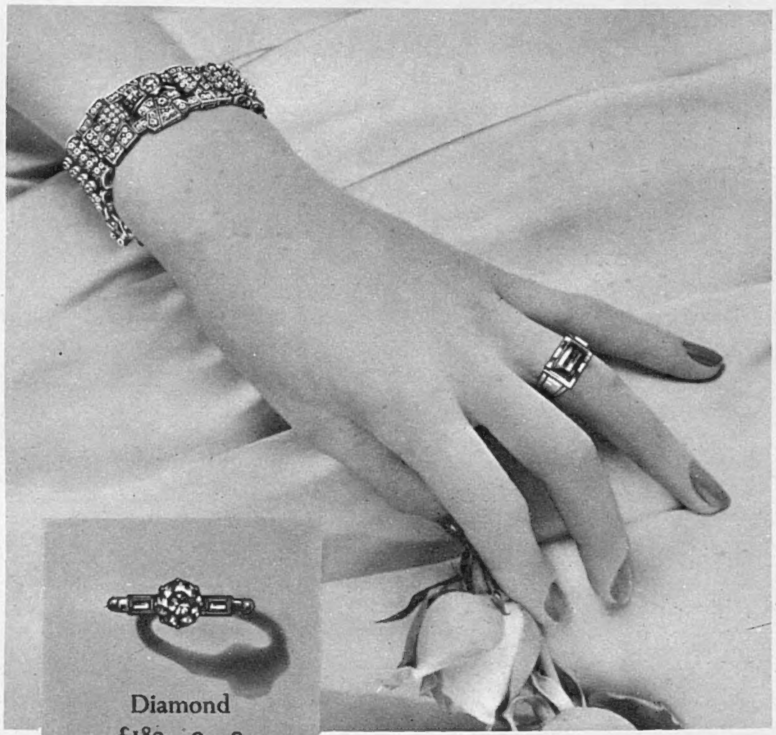

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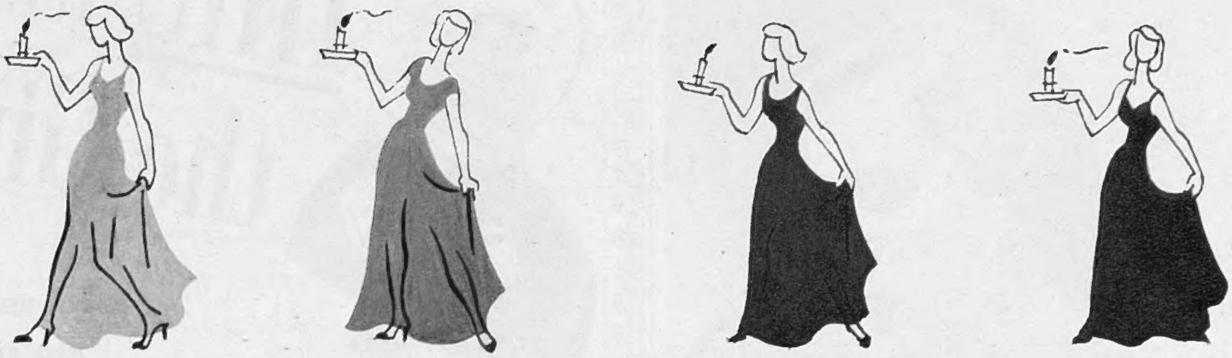

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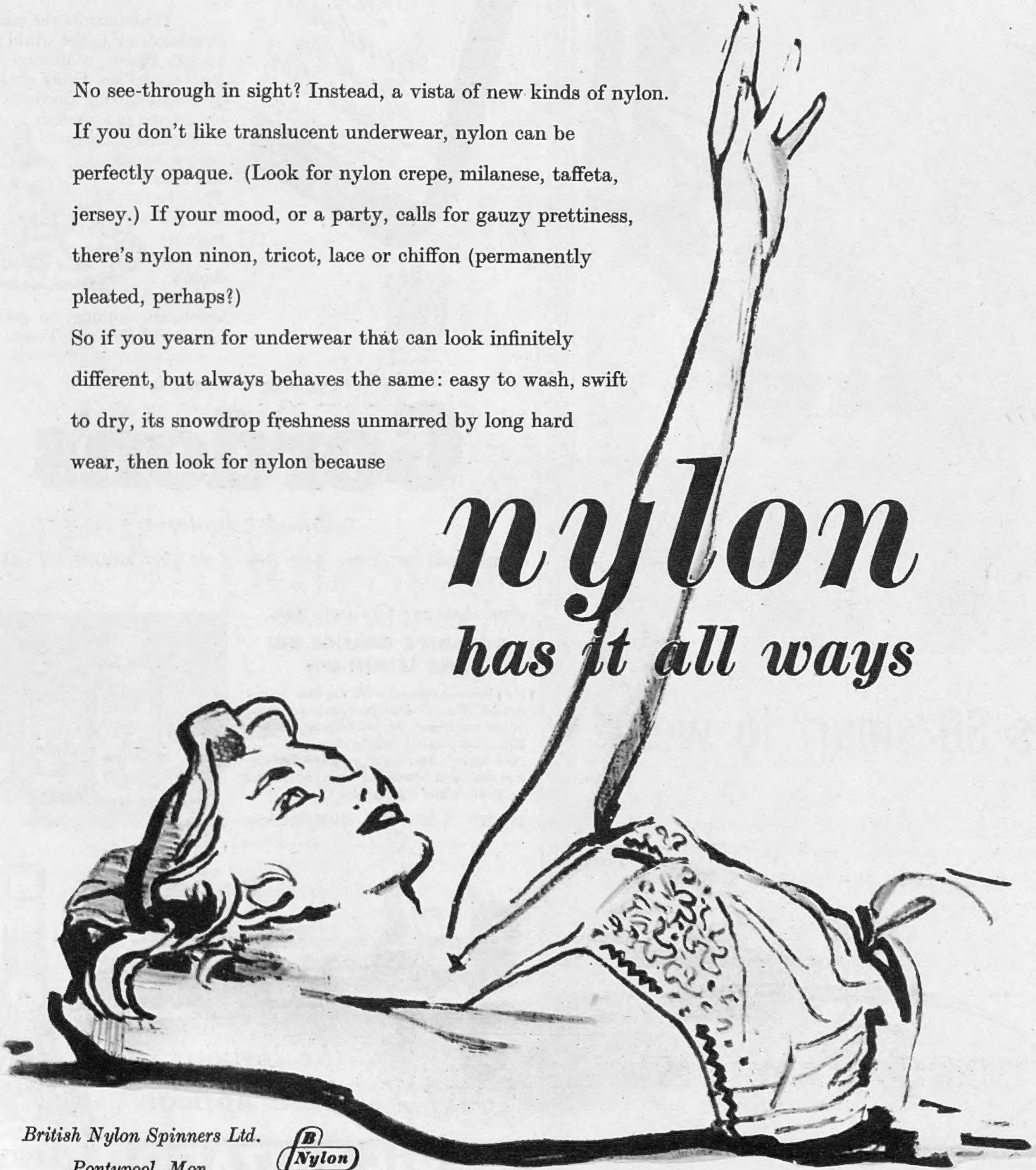

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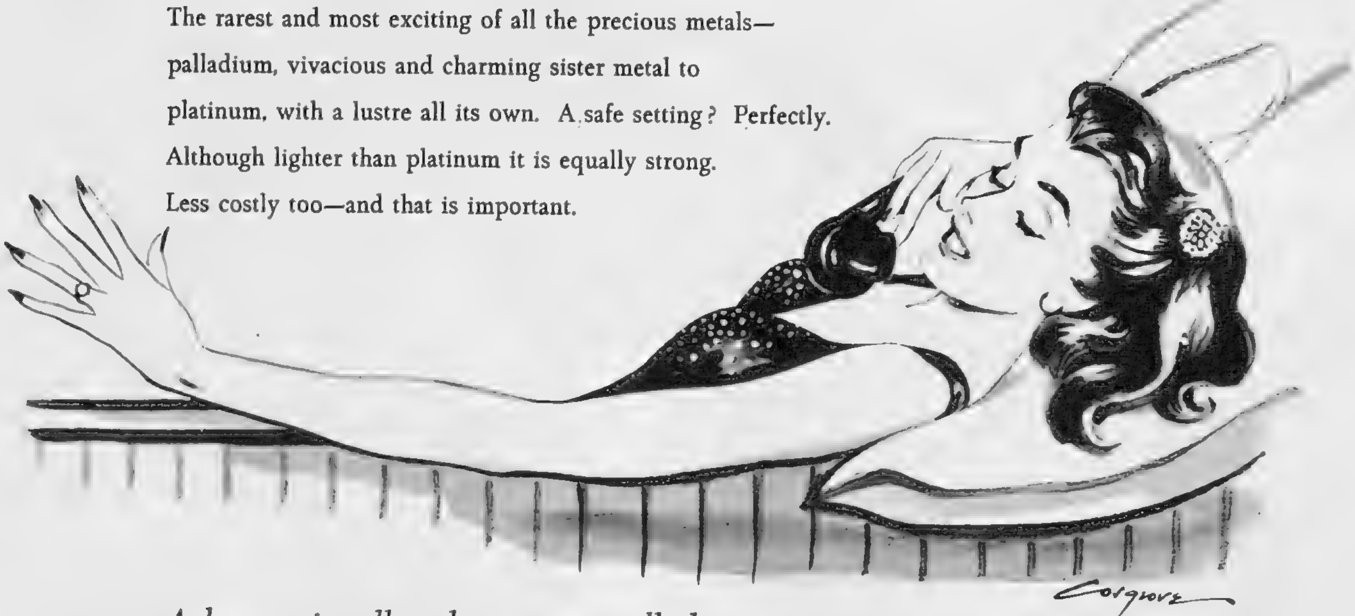

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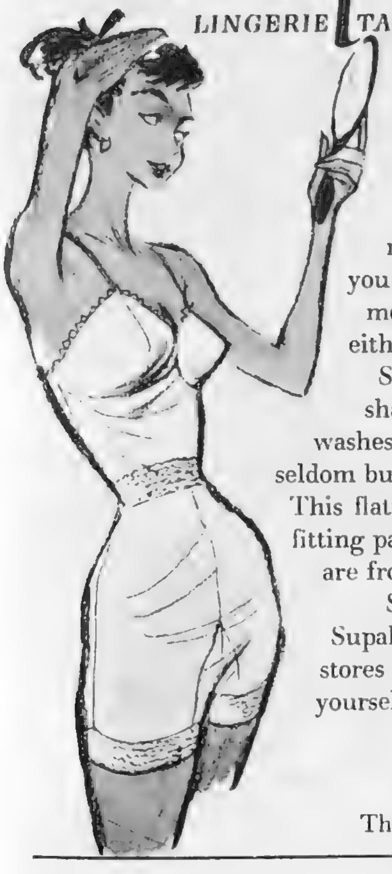

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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1954.
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PORTRAIT BY THE P.R.A.

This portrait by Sir Gerald Kelly, President of the Royal Academy, is of Mrs. Cyril Miller, who has been a friend of his family for many years. It is his first portrait of a woman for three years. Mrs. Miller sat "on and off since last August, with a three-months break in winter," until the picture was finished just in time to be submitted for this year's Summer Exhibition; the longest sitting was of seven hours. She herself does not paint, finding her own artistic outlet in the piano.

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"SUMMER": by William Dring, A.R.A. This picture is one of the six shown by Mr. Dring in the Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy at Burlington House.

# Our Motley Notes

By TOBY O'BRIEN

*Sumer is icumen in,*
*Lhude sing—tishu!*

IN point of fact summer is not coming in—it has actually arrived. That is to say, we have exchanged the dubious joys of winter snuffles and sneezes due to colds, for the equally dubious joys of sneezes and snuffles due to hay fever. This is the time of the year when debs. deb and travel agents speculate about the interiors of mental homes; a period when the sun should shine but far too often doesn't; when London is at its fullest and the authorities therefore decide to take up all the main thoroughfares, a time when food is at its most delicious, and the weather is magnificent to the point of being stifling throughout the week, and only breaks on Fridays or on special occasions, such as the particular day on which one chooses to go to Ascot or take the children for a picnic in the country.

I suppose if a psychiatrist said "summer" to me, my reaction would be "salmon." To tell the truth, one gets a little tired of that magnificent fish, but what a delightful summer meal cold salmon is! I suppose one's memory almost invariably leads one astray in comparing the present with the past, but I do not think I have ever tasted cold salmon like that which the admirable Mrs. Tubb of my college buttery used to prepare for the excellent picnic baskets for two (costing the vast sum of 7s. 6d.!) in those far-off days when, according to memory (and certainly not according to fact), the sun always shone on the Oxfordshire countryside.

What splendid names Oxford landladies used to have! There was Mrs. Tubb, who afterwards married Alphonse, the coffee-stall keeper under the walls of Balliol. There was the admirable Mrs. Gomm who, touchingly, according to her husband, "cried her eyes out all night" when I was unexpectedly beaten on one occasion for the Presidency of the Union, and there was the equally excellent Mrs. Chaundy the following year, who looked after her charges—A. J. Irvine, now Bevanite M.P. for Edgehill, and myself—with maternal solicitude. A. J. and I were recapturing memories of No. 31, St. John Street on a river steamer as we went down the Rhine together only a few weeks ago, and we raised a glass to the memory of that great and good woman.

WHAT agreeable things take place in summer in London! I think I would almost put first the Trooping the Colour ceremony which, by the time you read this, I shall have watched once more from the hospitable windows of Admiralty House. If it is a strain for the troops taking part on terra firma, it is also in some cases a nightmare for mounted officers who are not normally addicted to horse-back exercise. One such, whose duties compel

him to ride a horse on ceremonial occasions this year, confessed to me that he fell off fourteen times in the first hour in Wellington Barracks when he started to get into training for the season's events, and where an instructor—no respecter of rank on these occasions—treated him to a tongue-lashing (each vitriolic sentence, of course, ending with "sir") such as he had not had since he was at Sandhurst. Watching the Household Cavalry go past in the Mall the other morning, he positively shuddered, remarking: "Ugh! Look at the brutes! How I hate 'em!"

However distasteful they may be to members of Her Majesty's Brigade of Foot Guards who would prefer to remain on foot, the Musical Ride of the Household Cavalry is always one of the more agreeable features of the Royal Tournament. This year, I believe for the first time since the war, there have been enough horses—they are all about ten years old—to provide both for the Tournament and for ceremonial occasions. In all post-war years hitherto horses and men have had to do both, which, with such things as the Trooping the Colour, with its many rehearsals, must prove something of a strain. This year's Tournament must be a sad one for Major Charles King, who is retiring, and has been connected with it since 1921 and has been secretary for twenty-two years. It must be a pleasant thought, however, to feel that one has been largely responsible for a show which has regularly averaged between £40,000 and £50,000 a year for Service charities.

As I write, the weather happens to be beautiful, which makes me wonder yet again why we have never succeeded since the old days of the Earl's Court Exhibition in producing successful open-air pleasure gardens. I suppose that what with the licensing laws and the gay, light-hearted men and women of the L.C.C., such a thing is now impossible. Recently in the gardens of the Tivoli in Copenhagen, however, with its eighty restaurants, its superb fun fair, its excellent open-air shows, and its peak time 1s. 3d. admission, it seemed a shame that we could not do something of the sort. I was discussing this with Alan Hess and his wife, whom I ran into, agreeably, in Copenhagen, and with whom I spent a couple of pleasant evenings in the Tivoli. Incidentally, I earned a post-prandial reputation by shooting three lots of twenty grizzly bears—in sixty shots! Alan has deservedly a reputation on the motor-race track and as a long-distance driver, and I have to record that he is no less skilful on a dodgem.

We were delighted that in the hotel in which we were staying—it was the only good thing about it, I may say—there was a splendid set of hotel rules. These were headed: "An Appeal from the Fire Brigade to the Hotel Guests. In case of fire: (1) If possible, alarm the hotel porter." Even, however, if you failed to disturb the Scandinavian placidity of that functionary, Anglo-Saxons were expected to "remain calm and collected." I class these with the superbly enigmatic Istanbul hotel rule, which I have previously recorded: "No foreign laundress is allowed in the rooms after 10 o'clock."

Another example of hotel English which has just reached me comes from a little hotel in Sitges, south of Barcelona. The menu is given in three languages—Spanish, French, and what purports to be English. The *hors d'œuvres* (in Spanish: "*Entremeses Variados*") appears as "Varying Entertainments," but I feel that tourists may be not a little alarmed to see the well-known Mediterranean fish *Rape à la Marinera* described as "Rape in the Sailor's Way."

We fell to discussing Continental phrase books, and Alan produced the classic, which he himself came across in Czechoslovakia before the war: "My postillion has been struck by lightning."

In the early days of the war, during one of our retreats, Alan, burdened with several rifles and other equipment of the exhausted men of his unit, wanted to ask the Maire of a French village for some particular kind of assistance. He had with him a phrase book. The first phrase on which his eye lit was: "Wait. I will tie the umbrellas together."

I must confess to finding Denmark by far the most agreeable of the Scandinavian countries. I liked Stockholm, and have many good Swedish friends, but I feel about them, on the whole, rather as that deplorable blue stocking Madame de Staël felt about Goethe.

## OUR COVER PAINTING

*The subject of our enchanting cover-picture by the Rumanian-born artist, Dimitrie Berea, painted at Queen Anne's Farm, Surrey, last year, is Lady Alice Clifford. Readers who saw Berea's exhibition at the Ohana Galleries last month, or at Tooths' last year, will see in this painting a fine example of his very personalised work. Berea, who has for many years been acclaimed by the most discerning of Continental critics, has a special talent for capturing the "essence" of different cities, and all his landscapes, portraits and interiors have the same charm, lively sensitivity and exciting, lucid colours reproduced in the painting on our cover.*

"*Pour moi,*" she wrote after her interview with the Sage of Weimar, "*je n'aime pas ce Goethe—au moins qu'il n'ait bu une bouteille de champagne.*" (As a matter of fact, I cannot help feeling that Goethe—greatest of writers and of lovers, and also a first-class Civil Servant, a rare combination!—must have been far more agreeable company than that dreary and waspish woman.)

Gothenburg, in Southern Sweden, is remarkable in that there are actual bars in some of the hotels. For the rest Sweden, until October, labours under its ridiculous liquor laws, which are then going to be altered. In Stockholm the word "bar" means anything but what you normally associate with it, and in order to get a drink you have to eat yourself a formidable meal. I suppose Swedish liquor laws were originally produced to do something to counteract the formidable drinking habits of the Swedes, for which they have been famous or notorious throughout the centuries. I like the story of the Swede who invited his friend home for a drink. He placed a litre of Schnapps in front of the guest and one in front of himself. They began to drink steadily and in silence. After a while the guest, under the thawing influence of the liquor, raised his glass to his host and said: "*Skal.*" His host glared at him and said: "Listen. Did we come here to drink—or to waste time in idle chatter?" This story, needless to say, was told me by a Norwegian. They tell as many stories to the detriment of the Swedes as the Swedes do about the Norwegians.

It was in Oslo, too, that I heard the pleasant story—which so exactly catches the German character—of the young boy in the Resistance Movement in Bergen. At one period of the war the R.A.F. used regularly to carry copies of the first editions of the newspapers and drop them over Norway to encourage the Underground. One young man made a point of going every day to the leading bar in Bergen, where ostentatiously he would read a copy of *The Times* of the date of issue. On one occasion a German officer stared at him, stared at *The Times* and the date on it, and demanded angrily: "Where did you get that? What are you doing with it?" At which the Bergener looked at him in astonishment and said: "But I am a subscriber." To this the German replied: "Oh, yes, of course. I see. Yes. Thank you."

Incidentally, don't, if you will take my advice, order smoked salmon in Norway unless you are feeling very flush. Although it is the home of smoked salmon and quite delicious, it is also fantastically expensive. I went to dinner at the restaurant just by the Holmenkollen ski-jumping hill (I cannot believe that any of the ski jumpers ever see it without snow on it, or if they do ever jump there again, so fantastically high is it and so fantastically steep the virtual precipice on which they land). We had some smoked salmon with the usual additional dollop of spinach and scrambled egg, a bottle of poorish Moselle, cheese and coffee—the bill for three came to just over **£6**.

In Copenhagen I suffered a defeat. I had become quite a fan of S.A.S., the Scandinavian airline, who have a remarkable standard of comfort and service. I was having a drink before lunch on the day before my return with Sir Eric Berthoud, our Ambassador, and the Ambassadress. The other guest was the Duchess of Argyll, who, in my youth, was the deb. of her year as Margaret Whigham. (Indeed, I cannot recall any deb. before or since who so completely dominated her season.) I happened to mention that I was going back by S.A.S. the following morning, at which the Duchess said that she had been going to, but the Air Attaché had told her not to be unpatriotic, and that she must fly B.E.A., so that she had transferred to the excellent Viscount service. When we arrived at the airport early the next morning the B.E.A. 'plane, owing to fog, had not been able to leave Gothenburg, and there would be a considerable delay for the B.E.A. passengers. The Duchess therefore switched back again to S.A.S., but could not get a first-class seat (which carries with it a magnificent meal and drinks ranging from sherry, through wine, to liqueurs). I offered to give up my seat, but as the offer was refused I said good-bye as I turned right into the first-class compartment (with a slight air of superiority), only to find that my numbered seat had been doubly booked in Stockholm, and that there was an American gentleman already sitting in it. So "with shame I began to take the lower room," *i.e.*, went into the tourist class. It was the Duchess' turn to say: "I told you so."

Her Majesty the Queen leaving the Abbey after the ceremony.

The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret arriving at the Abbey.

Some of the wedding guests leaving Westminster Abbey. A reception was held afterwards at St. James' Palace.

The bride with her father leaving for the Abbey.

# Royal Guests at Abbey Wedding

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent, with the Duke of Kent and Princess Alexandra, and Major-General the Earl of Athlone, were present at the wedding on June 1st at Westminster Abbey of Captain Viscount Althorp, The Royal Scots Greys, only son of Earl and Countess Spencer, and the Hon. Frances Roche, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Fermoy. The Bishop of Norwich officiated. Afterwards, the Royal Family attended the reception held by the bride's parents at St. James' Palace, which was used, readers will remember, for the wedding reception of the Earl of Harewood.

The Princess Royal with the Duchess of Gloucester.

The Duke of Edinburgh leaving after the wedding.

The Duchess of Kent with Princess Alexandra.

Viscount Althorp and his bride are greeted by a guard of honour from The Royal Scots Greys.

A broken shoe-strap interests Lady Margo Cholmondeley, one of the child attendants.

Friends and bridal attendants speed the bride and groom on their way from the reception at St. James' Palace.

# Our Bookshelf

THE SPARE ROOM. By Nelia Gardner White. (*Constable ; 10s. 6d.*)

CRIME, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE. By Delano Ames. (*Hodder and Stoughton ; 10s. 6d.*)

BRING ON THE GIRLS. By P. G. Wodehouse and Guy Bolton. (*Herbert Jenkins ; 16s.*)

## Reviewed by G. B. Stern

SWELTERING June is the appropriate time to read about winter, with that heightened pleasure of lying prone and gauzily clad by the margins of the sea, during one of our almost boringly predictable heat-waves, sighing at the happy idea of frost and snow and the north wind. . . . And presently (if your author writes convincingly enough) little vicarious shivers will run down your spine. A positive example, then, of this alluring sort of novel may easily prove to be *The Spare Room*, by Nelia Gardner White. Her way of writing, as well as the season and setting of her book, with its clean, pungent, aromatic smells, reminds me agreeably of Sarah Orne Jewett, a New England writer of the late 'nineties, deservedly a classic, who, in turn, has always reminded me of our own *Cranford*, but *Cranford* with a bite to it.

The very first sentence of *The Spare Room* : "*It was early November when the young man came to the old Pilchard house on Sassafras Road*"—provides a good provocative start. Miss Ann Pilchard, town nurse of Old Wickham, plump, shrewd and with a trifle more than her share of human curiosity, although by habit and choice she lived alone, took him in to lodge with her when she realised that he was too ill to be moved on. Miss White knows that the only way to get at the living truth about human beings can never be achieved by keeping them loftily universal and representative ; so there is nothing remote about Miss Pilchard and her circle ; as Miss Mattie Devon remarks, "*I like folks to be off-centre ; like 'em to be characters.*" Ann was herself secretly an author ; she contributed a weekly column of homely unpretentious nature notes for the *Penfield County Register* ; first she sang them, when she thought no one was by, spontaneous hymns of praise ; and later wrote them down, a thousand miles from awareness that they had any transcendent merit :

> *Words were meat and drink to her. As good as the finding of the first hepatica was the finding of the right word for it.*

Once she exclaimed in a dejected mood : "*I could do with a vision, that's what I could !*" Her visions were more like explosions of glory—"*a sky full of birds, sweeping with a mighty rush towards some goal*" ; and they had departed because of her temporary preoccupation with sorrow. But gossip and mockery and misunderstanding passed, and with her renewed loneliness the vision came back and the power to set it down.

A RECENT tendency of crime novels to present murder in a vein of irrepressible flippancy seems to have been brought about by an unspoken non-reality pact between reader and author, whereby neither corpse nor criminal need be taken seriously, but as charming adjuncts to a delectable entertainment : summer Pierrots on the pier ; a pact that must perforce exonerate author and reader from any charge of glaring bad taste. And when Delano Ames sets out to tell us of Dagobert and Jane, his amateur detectives, it is, as usual, by wit and a quality of unseemly but light-hearted absurdity, that they score, as well as by their instinctive gift for sleuthing.

In *Crime, Gentlemen, Please*, their new adventure, they deal with three ingenious murders, plus complications supplied by the twelve-year-old twins, Ann and Anna, who invite a couple of extra murders whenever they open their rosebud mouths ; we highly recommend Dagobert's resourceful method of dealing with them. And though the mystery of Christopher Piper's death is cleverly contrived and well hidden till the last pages, were we to be asked what Delano Ames gives us again which puts him ahead of the rank and file of thrillers, we should reply (*a*) the twins, and (*b*) Syd Walker, an engaging ex-gaolbird, with a pretty pride in his scrapbook of "press notices."

"AND not the first time, Sir, I've had to speak to you about this" (said the headmaster, gently flicking his cane). We are compelled thus to admonish Mr. P. G. Wodehouse on the inadequacy of his titles to convey the rich treasure contained within his two autobiographical works : *Performing Flea* and now *Bring on the Girls*. After this severe start, however, prepare for a spate of enthusiasm ; more than enthusiasm, of rapturous gratitude ; because being unfortunately so constituted that it is almost impossible to make me laugh loud and long (a wistful smile may occasionally hover at the corners of my sensitive lips), Mr. Wodehouse, almost alone among our living humorists of stage and pen, can cause me over and over again to become a veritable laughing jackass. It may be just a trick : "Bet I can make you chuckle ; bet I can make you laugh loud and long ; bet I can *keep* you laughing . . ."

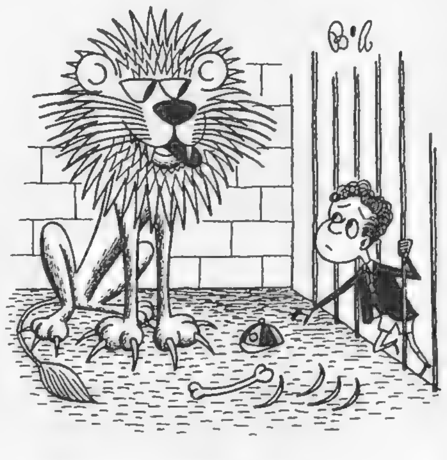
He has found an affinity in Mr. Guy Bolton, his collaborator down the years covered by the sub-title of this book : "*The Improbable Story of Our Life in Musical Comedy with Pictures to Prove It.*" Their switchback career, shooting up to high success and bumping down again, is told in a gentle mood of modest deprecation *not* put on for the occasion ; Mr. Wodehouse is, in truth, the mildest of men, though as a writer of lyrics he announces himself as the Sweet-Singing Thrush of Thirty-Ninth Street. His true Tales of the Great include characteristic moments in the life of Gertie Lawrence, Noël Coward and John Galsworthy (who abominated "desultory conversation") ; Arnold Bennett declaring, with a firmness every writer might envy, that "the Clayhanger trilogy is *good*" ; Barrie musing on "a tall, Irish chap with a red beard" who used to come to the Dramatists' Club—"I've often wondered what became of him" ; Charlie Chaplin at a ship's concert portraying an out-of-work actor trying for a job. . . .

But the whole collection is too valuable for any one item to be picked up and handled separately ; so calling all connoisseurs, I will merely recommend them not to miss the butler who was the original of Jeeves, functioning in his Jeeves-like way to explain the matriarchal methods of a spider assimilating her mate, nor the admirable nonchalance with which Mr. Wodehouse, while living in London in a fourth-floor flat, trustfully threw stamped and addressed letters out of the window for any passer-by to pick up and deliver, because in that fashion they reached their destination far quicker than if he posted them in the conventional way.

We could likewise have been heard cooing like a nostalgic wood-pigeon over his memories of Hollywood in the good old days.

### ANGRAVE'S ALPHABET

L for Locomotive



(*A damsilly idea*)

### YOUR LIBRARY LIST

SMALL TALK IN SUSSEX.
By Esther Meynell. (*Robert Hale ; 12s. 6d.*)

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By Iris Murdoch. (*Chatto and Windus ; 12s. 6d.*)

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By Antonia Ridge. (*Faber and Faber ; 10s. 6d.*)

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By Elizabeth Hamilton. (*André Deutsch ; 12s. 6d.*)

Drawn by Ionicus.

"WHAT WITH THE TOWERS, THE GABLES, THE FIRS, THE POPLARS, THE ELMS, THE HILL-TOP *AND* THE SEA-VIEW, WE WERE RATHER SPOILT FOR CHOICE."

"Sketch" Photo-Call of

# IN TOWN

BESSIE PLENDERLEITH : "*Who does it put you in mind of?*" Hermione Baddeley and Dora Bryan are faced with a piece of modern sculpture in an open-air exhibition. "*Of course, it's the back,*" says Miss Bryan, "*if that hole in the front is a bosom.*" Miss Baddeley is preoccupied with a smut on her nose, and is not convinced of the statue's likeness to a mutual friend.

STREET CRIES : Leo Ciceri (the newsvendor), Richard Logan (the cinema commissionaire), Rachel Thomas (of the Underground Railway), and Shirley Eaton (the clippie) sing a quartet under the direction of Marjorie Dunkels.

## "Going to Town"

The St. Martin's Theatre is the place to indulge a taste for the grot que. Miss Hermione Baddeley no sooner touches the smallest part than it is ransformed into something that might have been drawn by Mervyn Peake the result is sometimes horrifying, usually hilarious. A foil to the sultrin ss of Miss Baddeley is the warmth of Miss Dora Bryan ; she has a touching song bout a girl who falls in love with a tailor's dummy, and her account of the oung lady who pushes an entire Sunday School off Beachy Head is probab the finest thing in the revue. With these two ladies is Mr. Ian Carmicha l (of whom there is some matter on page 557 of this issue), and a vivacio and decorative supporting cast.

VERSATILE TRIO : Dora Bryan, Hermione Baddeley, and Ian Carmichael as Kay, Fay and Leo, That Versatile Trio. They do "tap," speciality numbers, a sentimental number in a terrible hat ; Mr. Carmichael in a silver wig puts his foot on the floats and chats with the Conductor. It's a twice-nightly murder from the halls.

## Joyce Grenfell Requests . . .

the pleasure of your company at the Fortune Theatre in what she insists on calling "*A New Kind of Entertainment.*" "Charming" is a word so over-used in society magazines that it has lost its meaning ; we are repaid for our abuse of it when we discover that, for this entertainment, "charming" is the only possible adjective. Miss Grenfell's wit charms without stinging ; we *like* these people she caricatures, and so does she. So also her three dancing cohosts are charming—except for one excellent but shattering solo by Miss Beryl Kaye ; she is with Irving Davies, who sings as well as dances, and Paddy Stone, who brings to London with great success the choreographic approach of his native Winnipeg.

SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME : Miss Grenfell's mother learned these songs from her coloured nurse. "*No, ah cain't sit down,*" Miss Grenfell sings. "*Just got to Heaven ; got to look aroun'.*"

three Summer Shows

# TO STAY

OPENING CHORUS: Digby Wolfe, Joan Sims, Peter Felgate, Aud Johansen, Eleanor Fazan, Ron Moody, Joan Heal and Ronnie Stevens. Dilys Lay and Geoffrey Hibbert are getting ready for the next number.

## "Intimacy at 8.30"

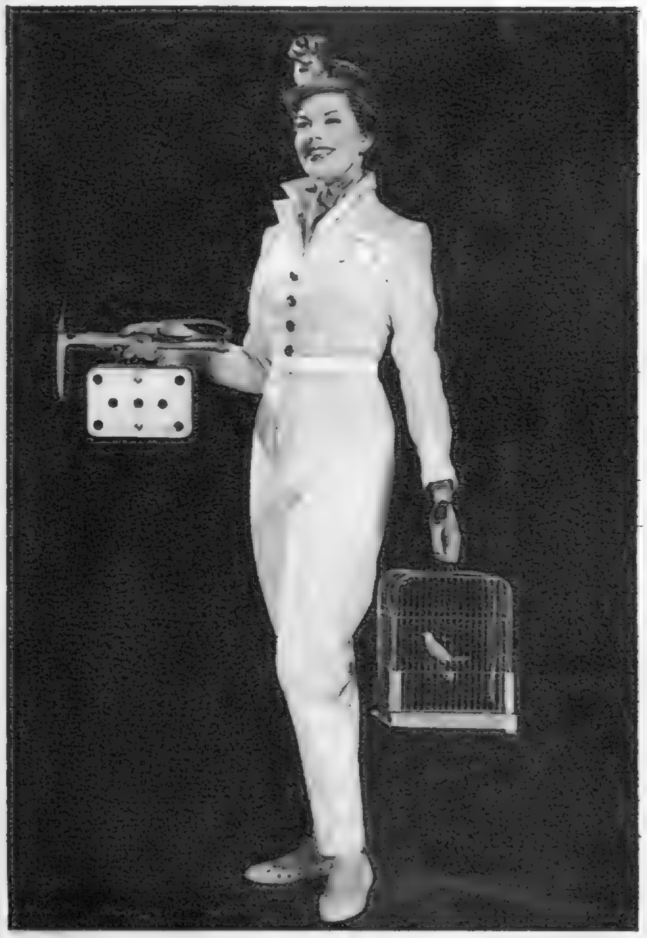
Wit is the keynote of what must be the fastest-moving piece in town at the Criterion Theatre. It ranges wide for its target—now with the fishing fleet ("*You're nearer to cod in Grimsby than anywhere else on earth!*"), now with a band of trippers on a Polytechnic Tour of the Continent ("*They've got them in France now, those Follies Bergére*"), now parodying the verse dramas of T. S. Eliot:

*. . . House-keeper and char am I*
*With five shillings an hour extra for acting as part-time Greek chorus*
*Whenever we have a family reunion.*

We could quote for ever, but we expect you will want to see the work of this young team of writers and artistes for yourselves.

WOKING: The sex-starved station announcer. We promised to find a new adjective for Joan Sims. Mellifluous. Like it?

Irving Davies, Beryl Kaye and Paddy Stone (reading from top to bottom) are three dancers who rehearsed for nine months some of the pieces that they perform in this entertainment, turning down any offers that would cause them to split up. We have cause to thank them. At the right, Joyce Grenfell Listens to the Music, but all she can hear is a great white horse going clippety-clop.



DEAR DADDY, DO GO DOWN THE MINE: "*What a pity there's no Lady Miner,*" sings Joan Heal, "*to visit the dockers as well.*" Miss Heal has joined the cast of *Intimacy at 8.30* and brings her vivacity and assured technique to a cast already bright and slick as a new shilling.

# Our Social Diary

## Royal Visit to Charity Matinée

THE QUEEN MOTHER and Princess Margaret were present at the all-star matinée held at Her Majesty's Theatre to celebrate a double Jubilee—the fiftieth year of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art since its foundation by Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, and the fiftieth year on the stage of Dame Sybil Thorndike. The proceeds of the matinée went towards the Variety Heart Fund for Under-Privileged Children and the rebuilding fund of the Vanbrugh Theatre.

A wonderful afternoon's entertainment included scenes from *A Winter's Tale*, *An Ideal Husband*, *School for Scandal* and *The Lion and the Unicorn*. There was also an amusing sketch with Gladys Cooper and Robert Morley, and the prologue and epilogue were spoken by Dame Edith Evans and Sir Laurence Olivier respectively.

Although by some oversight there were no programmes left some ten minutes before the performance started, this was not as tiresome as it might have been, as every character was a well-known stage personality. I enjoyed most of all the scene from *The School for Scandal*, with Lady Olivier as *Lady Teazle* and Alec Guinness as *Sir Peter*. Dame Sybil Thorndike received a tremendous ovation when she appeared as *Queen Elizabeth* in *The Lion and the Unicorn*. Among the audience were the Earl of Clarendon, Baroness Ravensdale and the Hon. William and Mrs. Douglas-Home.

**AT COWDRAY PARK** Princess Margaret presents the Duke of Edinburgh with the Duke of Sutherland Cup, the Cowdray Park team having beaten the Greyhounds in the final.

## Ball at Londonderry House

MORE than 700 guests came to the Ball given for Miss Vanla Arbuthnot by her mother, Mrs. Clive Arbuthnot, and Lady St. John of Bletso; it was one of the most brilliant dances of the season.

A hundred guests were invited to dine at Londonderry House before the Ball. We first assembled in the downstairs library after being welcomed by Lady St. John with Captain and Mrs. Arbuthnot and Vanla, the latter wearing a lovely white tulle dress with crystal embroidery. Among those dining were H.E. the Argentine Ambassador, Rafaelle, Duchess of Leinster, the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, with the latter's sister and brother-in-law, Major and Mrs. John Chandos-Pole, the Earl and Countess of Mansfield with Lady Malvina Murray, Sir Guy and Lady Salisbury-Jones with their daughter Mariette, and the Earl of Brecknock. Also Mr. Charles Smith-Ryland and his pretty wife, who wore a lovely full-skirted dress of black organza, Lady Melissa and Lady Caroline Wyndham-Quin, Lord Monk Bretton and Viscount Colville.

Very soon after dinner had ended, the remainder of the guests started arriving for the Ball, and the upstairs ballroom was soon crowded with dancers. Downstairs a gipsy band played old-fashioned waltzes, and later in the evening reels were danced to the accompaniment of pipers from the Scots Guards. Among the many pretty girls I noticed were Miss Caroline York, who wore a printed pleated chiffon dress, Miss Sara Wignall in white, Miss Venetia Lane in pale pink lace with an emerald-green velvet sash, Miss Diana Morley-Kennerley and Miss Fiona Munro. Dancing continued until the early hours and also among the numerous guests enjoying the evening were the Countess of Listowel, Viscount Hereford, Lady Lily Serena Lumley, Lord Edward FitzRoy and Miss Mary William-Powlett.

## "The Frog"

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET, who gave many hours of her time in assisting the direction of *The Frog*, Mr. Billy Wallace, and all those who took part in the play, must feel most gratified at having been responsible for raising the magnificent sum of more than £10,000 for the Invalid Children's Aid Association. As an amateur production for a charitable cause, *The Frog* seems to have been singled out for some unnecessarily harsh criticism. The standards of the professional West End theatre seem to have been expected.

I went to the first performance, which I enjoyed enormously. Undoubtedly the best acting came from Lord Porchester, and I also thought his father, the Earl of Carnarvon, Viscount Ednam and Mr. Christopher Bridge were extremely good. The very high standard of feminine beauty among the cast included Mrs. Gerald Legge, in the leading rôle, Viscountess Norwich, Miss Davina Portman, and Miss Judy Dugdale. One had an all-too-brief glimpse of Miss Elsa Maxwell, and the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava made a most engaging policeman!

Princess Margaret attended all three performances, and among the first-night audience were the Duchess of Devonshire—the Duke being one of the players—the Marquess and Marchioness of Linlithgow, Lady John Hope, Mr. Anthony and Lady Dorothea Head, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, Mr. Noël Coward, Viscount Astor and Mr. Ian and Lady Caroline Gilmour. Later that evening Princess Margaret with Miss Judy

**QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER** shaking hands with Lady Olivier after the charity matinée at Her Majesty's Theatre. Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Laurence Olivier are also in the picture.

Montagu and Mr. Billy Wallace, and other members of the cast, arrived at the "400," where many people who had been to the play were having supper. Viscount Ednam joined his wife, who wore a lovely short evening dress of white and navy spot taffeta, and Sir Michael Duff, who was also in the play, sat at a table with his wife and Lady Dufferin and Ava. Others there that evening were the Earl and Countess of Derby, Prince Aly Khan, and the Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn.

**FOURTH OF JUNE AT ETON** was attended by parents and friends of the boys. *Left:* The Countess of Suffolk with her sons, the Hon. Patrick and the Hon. Maurice Howard. *Right:* Sir Mark Palmer with his sister Antonia and Miss Caroline Abel-Smith.

### The Derby

ARRIVING at Epsom on Derby Day one is conscious of quite a different atmosphere to that of any other day's racing, and there must be very few people who do not take an interest, financial or otherwise, in this great race.

The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal, and the Duchess of Kent with Princess Alexandra, watched the racing from the Royal box, and went down to see the horses before the Derby was run.

In the paddock I thought *Rowston Manor* and *Ferriol*, both of whom started as joint favourites, looked outstanding, particularly the former, also *Landau*, belonging to Her Majesty, and *Darius*, who was second favourite. These conclusions, alas, were not justified by the result of the race! The winner, *Never Say Die*, was American-bred and owned, and it was a pity that Mr. Clark could not be there to see his horse's triumph. It was a great day for Lester Piggott, who is one of the youngest jockeys to have ridden a Derby winner, and he also rode *Damremont* to victory in the last race.

I thought the Members' Enclosure was less full than usual, and, as it was not a warm day, most of the women seemed to be wearing suits—navy blue being a popular choice. Two of the prettiest there were Lady Bridget Garnet in beige, and Mrs. John Ward. I also saw H.E. the Spanish Ambassador, the Earl and Countess of Rosebery, the Earl and Countess of Sefton, Lord Ismay, Miss Sharman Douglas, who was in black with a red hat, and Lord and Lady Pender.

**CHRISTENING.** Lord and Lady Cowdray's baby daughter, Lucy, was christened at the parish church in the village of Easebourne. *Left:* Mr. Billy Wallace, godfather, Teresa and Suzanne More O'Ferrall, Miss Sharman Douglas, Lady Cowdray, holding the baby, and Lord Cowdray.

**A FAREWELL DANCE** was held for the 15/19th The King's Royal Hussars, who are off to Malaya. Miss Mary Williamson with Lord Bathurst.

### Masked Ball for Miss April Brunner

AN original and very gay evening was enjoyed by all those who went to the dance given for Miss April Brunner by her mother, Mrs. Patrick Brunner. Guests were invited to wear masks and headdresses, and there were a variety of these, ranging from some really lovely ones worn by the women guests, to some very amusing or frankly horrific by the men.

Mrs. Brunner is fortunate in having a lovely garden to her house in London, and this was floodlit for the occasion. Refreshments were served in a yellow-striped marquee, the walls of which were decorated with masks, and banks of lilies made the beautiful floral decorations. Dancing took place in the house and the ballroom was candlelit and exquisitely decorated with pale pink peonies and roses.

April looked charming in a white and silver dress with a silver and crystal headdress, and, with her mother, greeted their many friends as they arrived. One of the prettiest masks (in the shape of a butterfly) was worn by Lady Rose Bligh, and I also admired the one of roses worn by Miss Carina Boyle. Miss Claire Baring looked lovely in a white lace mantilla, and Miss Elizabeth Pugh wore an ingenious mask of fruit and vegetables which she had made herself. Many of the young men were completely disguised by their masks, but I did recognise Viscount Weymouth, the Hon. Raymond Joliffe, the Hon. John Denison-Pender and Mr. Richard Berens. Others at the dance included Viscount and Viscountess Hinchingbrooke, their two daughters, the Hon. Sarah and the Hon. Anne Montagu, Lord and Lady Melchett, Sir Andrew and Lady Clark and their daughter Susan.

### Cocktail Party for Miss Anabel Jayne

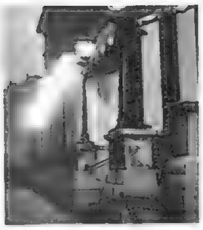
A VERY enjoyable cocktail party was given for Miss Anabel Jayne by her parents, Colonel and Mrs. Francis Jayne. Anabel is one of this year's débutantes, and looked charming in sapphire-blue lace as, with her elder sister Susan, she welcomed their friends to the party. These included Miss Elizabeth Abel-Smith, whose parents, Colonel Sir Henry and Lady May Abel-Smith, were also there, Lady Jennifer Barnard, Viscount Weymouth, Miss Gay Pinckney and Captain James Courtney Clarke. I also met Mr. and Mrs. William Harrison with their daughter Moya, Colonel George Kidston-Montgomerie, who came to collect his daughter Philippa, and Mrs. Violet Llewellyn. Other guests at the party included Miss Anne Hopkinson, Lord Edward FitzRoy, Miss Fiona Munro, who was going on to Lady Nichols' dance that same evening, and Mr. Ian Cameron.

*Helena*

Lord and Lady Kilmaine (*left*) with the Finnish Minister and Mme. Soravuo.

Lord Leslie and Miss Mariette Salisbury-Jones.

# Travellers' Club Ball



Flares burning in the sconces outside the Travellers' Club in London gave a pleasant out-of-this-century atmosphere to arrivals for the Club Ball which was held on Derby night. H.E. the American Ambassador and Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich were among the guests who were received by Lord and Lady Kilmaine. In the garden at the back of the Club, where trees were attractively lit with lamps in wicker baskets, there was a refreshment tent and chairs for sitting-out, though unfortunately a chilly evening was not conducive to remaining outside for long. However, this did not detract from the enjoyment of the evening, and our pictures show some of the guests who were at the Ball.

*Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Harold White.*

Mr. Christopher Burney (*left*), Mrs. G. Baines, Mrs. Burney and Commander Baines.

Miss Margaret Drage (*left*), Lieutenant Graham Clark, R.N., and Miss Mary Drage.

A view of the ballroom, with some of the dancers.

Outside the refreshment tent in the garden.

Lady Joanna Lambart with the Hon. Eustace Gibbs.

Lord and Lady Burghley.

Mrs. John Ames sitting-out with Mr. Charles Harding.

Miss Jill Owen-Edmunds and Mr. William Mackworth-Young.

Mrs. Antony Lyttleton (*left*), Mrs. William Bell, Miss Iris Peake, Mr. Michael Dawson, Mr. Bell and Mr. Lyttleton.

AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN

# The High Midsummer Pomps

THIS is the Summer Number of *The Sketch*, and it ought to be full of sunlight and roses. I can say, at least, of *The Plough and the Stars* (New Lindsey), that it would be a masterpiece at any season, and that you should try to collect the play while it remains at Notting Hill. It may not be heard again for a long time. I last found it when a schoolboy up from the country in the late 1920's, though I can claim to have read it every year since then; once met (in the text or in the theatre), Fluther Good is anyone's friend for life.

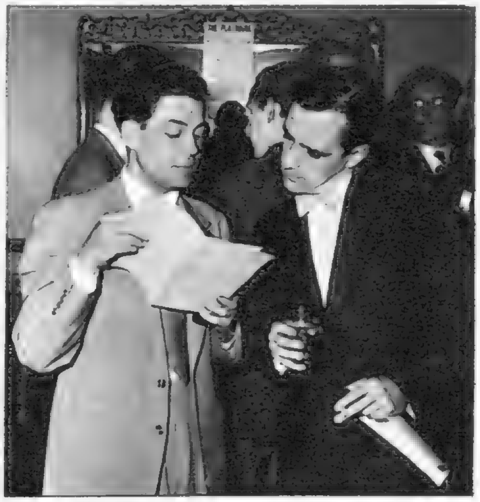
*The Plough*, like *Juno*, brings together relishing comedy and sable tragedy. No one but this dramatist, Sean O'Casey, would have ventured on Fluther's speech (" *Revellin' in plumes an' hearses, last days an' judgments* ") during that last act in the candlelit Dublin tenement. Outside, the fires of Easter Week redden the sky; one of the most moving scenes in modern drama is a few minutes ahead. Liam Redmond, good-hearted and volcanic creature (one of the O'Craters, perhaps?), and Christopher Steele, not-so-bold warrior, carry the night; the actresses have extraordinarily difficult parts, but climb gallantly in the foothills.

AND now on to the roses and wine. Certainly the light airs of summer are more noticeable in a comedy called *It's Never Too Late* (Westminster). This is a family play of the sort that, with its hair neatly brushed and its gym tunic very spruce, mounts the platform to receive a " U " certificate. The only thing it proves—and I am not sure whether it makes the point—is that a publisher in search of a best-selling novel should go to St. John's Wood and look for a frenzied housewife. Not necessarily St. John's Wood, but certainly a frenzied housewife, with her mother in high dudgeon on the sofa, her husband remote behind the evening newspaper, her stepdaughter-in-law's babies in pipe-and-squawk upstairs, and a variety of mixed histrionics elsewhere. The dear woman will inevitably have written a superb novel called *Summer's Lease*, and her mind will be full of others which she jots down while answering the telephone or making the day's hundredth cup of tea.

Laura, in Felicity Douglas's play, had written a novel called *Summer's Lease*. How the thing sold! Before its publication Hollywood was imploring the author to come out as a script-writer. Laura turned her book into a play that did to New York whatever a prairie fire does to a prairie. She was ready to scribble away for the rest of her life. The only trouble was that, as soon as she found herself in peace and ease (Knightsbridge eyrie, solicitous publisher, the trappings of genius), she could not write a saleable comma. All she had reached was a full stop. Still, she found—you will never guess, I am sure—that the only way to write again was to return to the rowdily-beating heart of the selfish family she had left ten months before, and which might be less selfish in future (I doubt this).

Not very real, and yet we can sit through it without wanting to tear up the seats. Celia Johnson is Laura. If she told me that she composed a symphony a morning at the gas-stove, I should accept her word unhesitatingly. This is a miracle of warm persuasiveness. Mary Merrall scratches nicely as Mum's Mum; the young women dress the stage appealingly; and I have to name four men for their courageous work in the most wooden male parts we have known for months. Bronze medals, then, to Ian Hunter, Anthony Ireland, Gordon Whiting, Hugh Dickson.

ALL summer is held now within the tiny casket of the Fortune Theatre, for once fortunate indeed. *Joyce Grenfell Requests the Pleasure* is the programme; and here are the musk carnations, the gold-dusted snapdragon, the jasmine, the " stocks in fragrant blow." If you like, Miss Grenfell will reach you down the full moon and the white evening-star (but ask her gently). You will gather that I am " besotted " about this actress; it is the word her keeper of the curiosity shop fondles so lovingly. And who could fail to be? This is one of the summer's best evenings, and for that matter, to coin a phrase, it needs not June for beauty's heightening. Miss Grenfell is a wit and a satirist—her writing, like her performance, has style—and she can also appeal to the wistful and long-memoried who, when she sings of old Virginia, substitute some lost land of their own. But (it is big of me) take her as you wish. Many people will choose the charming woman who, at the inner heart of music, finds only a large white horse. And there are Shirl's girl friend, and the too, too understanding mother. Beryl Kaye, Paddy Stone and Irving Davies, also in the programme, can dance—and again wittily is the word—until the gunpowder runs from their heels.



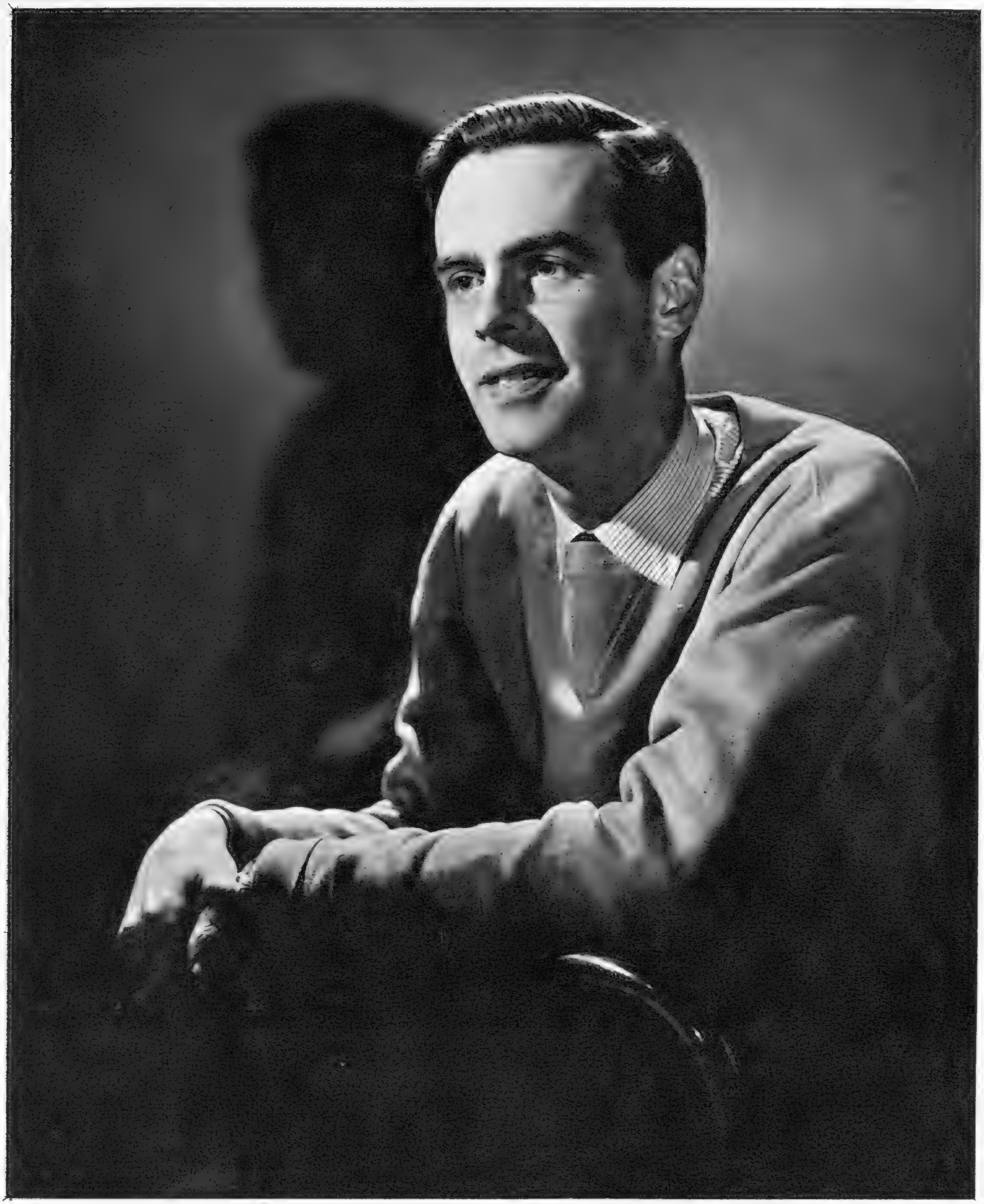
ACCENT ON YOUTH: Youthful writers of two of the most successful entertainments in London at present, David Climie (*left*), co-author of *Intimacy at Eight-Thirty*, and Sandy Wilson, of *The Boy Friend*, were guests of revue artists even younger than themselves at a madeira party after the last night of Oxford's successful undergraduate revue, *Fancy That*.

We have a gunpowder-dance in *The Taming of the Shrew* at Stratford-upon-Avon. Here, at length, summer touches the Memorial Theatre, and for the first time this season we are in the festival mood. The production is an old and good story, George Devine's from last year, with its protean baronial hall and the imaginative handling of Sly. Barbara Jefford, now a tumultuous brunette, and Keith Michell are in proper swoop; Leo McKern seems suddenly to be double-jointed; and my favourite performance is William Devlin's as the Lord: as welcoming a host as Joyce Grenfell, elsewhere, is a hostess. The difference is that Mr. Devlin speaks about two sentences during his last two hours. Even so, he is never out of character.

I thought that the first night of *Cockles and Champagne*, the expensive Saville Theatre revue, might have lasted until the pomps of Midsummer Day. As time went by, and more and more people near me stole guiltily to the door (*Too quick despairers, wherefore wilt thou go?*), I found myself fixed by events in the auditorium, and this game of musical chairs, rather than by events on the stage. Up yonder the company, like the village blacksmith, moved through life, toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing. I believe that, since that night of ribbon-development, the revue has been cut and, doubtless, much improved. There are impressive names in it. It was agreeable to meet Phyllis Neilson-Terry again; and I hope that Miriam Karlin, programme-girl with a load of mischief, has not yet been ambushed by the front-of-the-house staff at the Saville.

In comparison, *The Impresario from Smyrna* (Arts) is very brief. When I first met it in London it was preceded by " a new harlequinade in the Italian manner." That was in the 'thirties: a better production, one that did not blunt the elegant English prose in which Clifford Bax has dressed the dialogue of Carlo Goldoni. The play, one of Goldoni's 250, is a puff-ball trifle. Venetian opera-singers squabble; a rich Turk, who was to have backed a season in Smyrna, sails off in anguish without them. In this revival only Donald Pleasence takes the mind: he is an adhesive dramatist, ever-present like a strip of gummed tape that sticks to the fingers.

We began with O'Casey, and we end with him. The annual matinée of the Central School of Speech and Drama included that ingenious rarity, the one-act Dublin play, *Bed-time Story*, that O'Casey called a burlesque. It glowers into surprising phrases, and its company of four was not hidden among the blossoms. But, then, the standard at the matinée was high, especially in a scene from Miles Malleson's new adaptation of *The Misanthrope*, produced by Walter Hudd. Here Jeremy Brett, who won two of the afternoon's major prizes, showed a power of attack uncommon in so young an actor. Scenes from Shaw, Maugham and Henry Arthur Jones (someone ought to revive *The Liars* in full) completed a programme that honoured all concerned: experience in writing and direction, enthusiasm and intelligence in the players: at mid-summer a happy mingling of all the seasons.



## BRIGHT YOUNG MEN OF THE THEATRE—10: IAN CARMICHAEL

Ian Carmichael did not need to struggle to get into the theatre ; his parents were understanding. They allowed him to turn a well-bred back on the family business at Hull, and go into the R.A.D.A. just before the war. He spent a year there, had a succession of jobs in which he made cups of tea and painted scenery, and then, by a piece of inspired pushfulness, found his way into the tour of Farjeon's *Nine Sharp* ; as the leads were called up, he was given more and more work, until, trembling on the verge of a West End re-opening, he was called up himself. He spent seven years in the Army, in the 22nd Dragoons, and after fighting was over, found himself organising entertainment of the forces in Germany ; the theatre "bug" was back in his blood ; after demobilisation he began the round of auditions again. A Robertson Hare farce, parts in smaller theatres, then a series of musical comedies on T.V., a tour of *The Lilac Domino*, and soon afterwards began the series of revues with which his name is associated, in the last of which, *Going to Town*, he is at present starred. He has made one film, *Betrayed*, and is engaged upon another, *The Colditz Story*. His wife, whom he married in 1943, is not in the theatre, and nor are his two daughters aged eight and four-and-a-half, but there is plenty of time for theatrical talent to out, and we shall hope that the Carmichael tradition will not be broken.

*Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.*

"Please Forward": by Joyce Dennys.

# The Turtle's Not for Reading

"I will have another crumpet."

MY DEAR ROBERT,

The Play which I wrote and then left on the bus was returned to me later from the bus depot.

Charles said it was better luck than I deserved.

Mrs. Whinebite said she once left a silk umbrella on the bus and never saw it again, but rubbish would always return to its owner like a homing pigeon.

The Conductor said a manuscript which had taken Thomas Carlisle five years to write was used by a housemaid to light the fire, and Carlisle had immediately, and without a word of complaint, sat down and begun to write it all over again, so why all the fuss?

Lady B. said hurrah, now there could be a reading.

Little Mrs. Simpkins said she would love to come to the reading if I could assure her there was nothing of an embarrassing nature in my play; a protracted love-scene always made her so very ill at ease.

Faith said there couldn't be too many love-scenes for her and she hoped Henrietta had Piled It On Thick.

Colonel Simpkins said he'd done quite a bit of acting up at Simla, and if Henrietta would give him a decent part he'd be very glad to come, but it was hardly worth giving up an afternoon's Bridge at the Club to read "The carriage waits," or something of that kidney.

The Admiral said he hated plays, and people who mixed themselves up in the Theatre were nearly always mentally unbalanced.

Mrs. Admiral said she had a cold.

Thirza and Gregory Hopkinson said they would be in Spain.

As the day for the reading drew near, I became very nervous. To me, my Play had become like a dear and difficult child whose good qualities are known only to its mother and who may behave badly in front of visitors. A box of pheno-barbitone tablets arrived from the chemist, prescribed by Charles, who said he was tired of hearing me drum with my fingers on the arms of my chair. When I confided my fears to Lady B., she advised me to give the readers a good tea first.

"Wouldn't a play about a turtle be rather difficult?"

I took Lady B.'s advice about the tea and when my Readers arrived the board was, as they say, groaning.

"Of course, I never touch anything at tea," said Mrs. Whinebite, her eyes darting hither and thither among the cakes. "Only a small piece of dry toast."

"I'll make you some toast, Mrs. Whinebite."

"I wouldn't dream of giving trouble," said Mrs. Whinebite, and took a large slice of sandwich cake with coffee icing on top.

"One of the nice things about having a baby," said Faith, selecting a chocolate éclair, "is that you know you're going to lose your figure anyway. Why is it that when you bite these things the cream shoots up your sleeve?"

"If you know it's gone beyond recall you don't have to bother," said Lady B.

"Do you mean the cream out of the éclair?"

"No, one's figure," said Lady B. "Thank you, Henrietta, I will have another crumpet, and if you don't mind I will tuck my handkerchief inside my blouse to catch the drips of butter."

"Women eat too much at tea," said the Conductor. "Another anchovy sandwich, Colonel?"

The time passed very pleasantly while we discussed diets which made people thin and other diets which made people fat, but after a time Lady B. looked at her watch and said wasn't it about time we began reading the play. With beating heart I led the way into the drawing-room where the chairs were arranged in a semi-circle with a copy of my Play on each.

"What pretty covers!" cried little Mrs. Simpkins.

"Cathedral Close Typing Agency," said Colonel Simpkins, looking at his copy. "It's run by old Troake's daughter—I remember her when she was born."

"I never touch anything at tea."

"Not old Troake, who used to keep the *Cat and Fiddle*?" said Lady B.

"The same."

"Good gracious!" cried little Mrs. Simpkins happily. "What a small world! Minnie Troake—she used to be in my Sunday School class—a sweetly pretty child she was, too."

"Father was a good chap," said Colonel Simpkins, "always came out with the cherry brandy when hounds met at the *Cat*."

"And what cherry brandy!" said Mrs. Savernack, with a nostalgic sigh.

"Attention! Attention!" cried Lady B. "We are here to read Henrietta's play."

There was silence and they all opened their copies, looking very solemn.

"I've brought a pencil, Henrietta," said Mrs. Whinebite. "I thought it might help you if I made notes in the margin as we go along."

"I'm sure Henrietta doesn't want her nice copies scribbled all over by you," said little Mrs. Simpkins, who has never forgiven Mrs. Whinebite for enticing the Colonel into her house to watch television.

Mrs. Whinebite looked down her nose. "Henrietta will be glad of advice from one who, from her earliest years, has been associated with the English Theatre At Its Best," she said.

"Oh, come now," said Lady B., "just because your Uncle once had a small part in one of Beerbohm Tree's productions it doesn't follow that you know enough to give Henrietta advice." Whereupon Mrs. Whinebite said she hadn't come there to be insulted, and left the house without thanking me for her tea. The others heaved sighs of relief and settled back more comfortably in their chairs.

"The Voice of the Turtle!" boomed Colonel Simpkins in a voice which must surely have been heard clearly at the back of the Simla theatre.

"I don't like the title," said Mrs. Savernack.

"Actually, it's a quotation, Mrs. Savernack."

"I can't help that—I don't like it—it's too long. Play titles should be short."

"Like *Rope*," said Faith.

"Wouldn't a play about a turtle be rather difficult?" said little Mrs. Simpkins.

"It isn't about a turtle, Mrs. Simpkins. It's about a young man in the French Revolution."

"Silence!" said Lady B.

"The Voice of the Turtle!" boomed Colonel Simpkins again. "A Tragedy in Three Acts by Henrietta Browne," and a little shiver of apprehension crept up my spine. "The scene is a Paris Street. There is a tumbril L.C." Colonel Simpkins laid down his copy and looked at me over the tops of his spectacles, "I say, Old Girl, is that wise? I mean, you never quite know with a horse, do you?"

"Oh, dear!" said little Mrs. Simpkins, turning pink.

"The horse isn't there, Colonel Simpkins. It's been taken out of the shafts."

"Why?"

"It tells you on the next page."

"Do get on, Colonel."

Colonel Simpkins picked up his copy. "Enter Marie Stopes."

"I can't believe it!" said Faith.

"No, no, Colonel—Marie St. Opées."

"Sorry—Marie St. Opées, a gaunt figure with matted black hair hanging round her face."

"Not one of those horrible knitting women, I *hope*!" cried little Mrs. Simpkins.

Then Charles came in with some of his Specials on a tray, and the conversation became what is known as general. Then they all went home.

"How did the reading go, Henrietta?" said Charles later.

"Better than I expected, Charles," I said.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

# The Pleasures of Summer

SUMMER IN TOWN

*The Broad Walk, Kensington Gardens; by M. Arridge.*

SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY

*Saturday Afternoon; by Ernest Lang.*

The Pleasur

SUMMER

*A Flemish Fair : Summer*

*(Reproduced by courtesy of C*

NG AGO
*y Jacob Savery the Elder.*
*ulia, Countess of Craven.)*

# The Pleasures of Summer

SUMMER BY THE SEA

*A Cornish Backwater ; by Bernard Ninnes, R.B.A., R.O.I.*

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

## Diplomatic Hostesses: Señora Maria Teresa de Icaza

In spite of her youthful appearance, Señora de Icaza, the wife of the Mexican Ambassador, is the mother of three sons—of six, sixteen and twenty-two. The two younger boys are at school in London: the eldest, who inherits from his mother a strong artistic talent, is now working in Mexico. Life in diplomatic circles never leaves much time for relaxation, but Señora de Icaza manages to find time for her two favourite hobbies: "For those spare moments, *rug-making*, believe it or not! But when I have more time, being driven around the English countryside. I love it—I just sit and look!"

TELEVISION TOPICS: By CYRIL BUTCHER

# Wave-Bands Across the Sea

*"Let the European nations learn to know each other better."*

WHEN the Pope said those words in his inspiring multi-lingual address, on the first day of Eurovision, he summed up the whole moral purport of this great experiment. For what better way could there be of achieving international understanding—and with it, goodwill—than letting the nations *see* each other? "Travel broadens the mind" is an age-old truism. Now one can apply the erratum: "For travel, read television." Long life to Eurovision!

For me, personally, it was rather an emotional occasion, for it was about four years ago that I began in this column to urge the idea of an international exchange of television programmes. Since then I have hammered away at the idea, whenever a suitable opportunity presented itself (such as the Calais–Dover broadcast and the Coronation relay) and made a positive bore of myself about it whenever in conversation with television's higher-ups. Now, here it was—at last.

Among those higher-ups there was one who was unfailingly in agreement and equally enthusiastic—Cecil McGivern, Controller of Television Programmes. He is in the happy position of being able to translate his enthusiasm into action and—though the lion's share of the credit for the success of Eurovision must rightly go to the brilliant engineers who made it possible—viewers owe him a debt for his share in the organising of this gigantic project. His task took him, by air—which he does not enjoy—all over Western Europe and places where they televise.

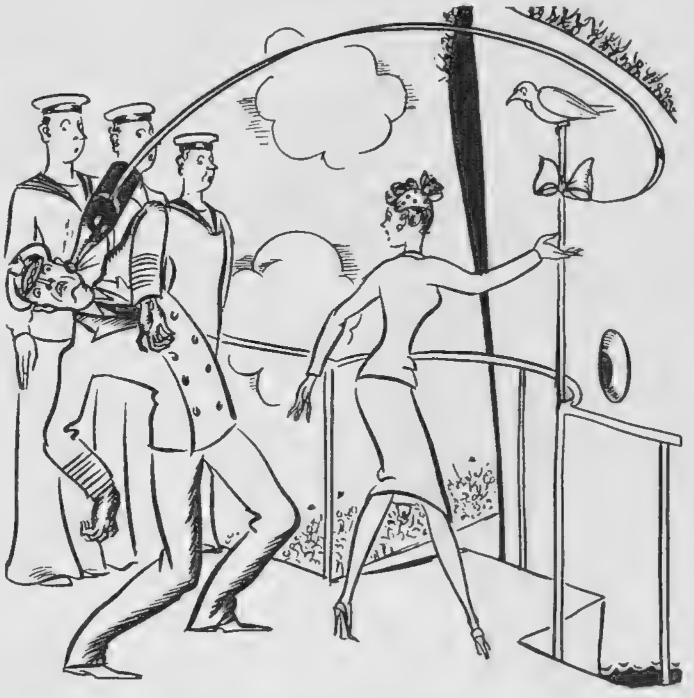
The story goes that in Italy he was so impressed by a television performance of *Romeo and Juliet* that at the end he forsook his customary critical caution sufficiently to stand up and applaud. This, in spite of the fact that, in the interval, the producer had roundly slapped Juliet for giving a bad performance! The actress in question is reported to have borne the producer no ill-will for this somewhat staccato form of reproof—how accommodating the Latin temperament can be!

Mr. McGivern had with him, on his travels, one Imlay Watts, who is currently holding the fort for us at Lille, which is virtually the international television exchange. It is here that bewildering electronic things are done to the pictures, to convert them to three different line-definitions. Mr. Watts, too, deserves our thanks, for, as the B.B.C.'s official fixer-upper, he has, in his charming and urbane way, smoothed away many difficulties.

But primarily tribute must be paid to the hundreds of unnamed engineers who have achieved this intricate network which straddles eight countries, like a vast electronic octopus. The quality of picture which they sent us from Switzerland and Italy was remarkably well-defined, and the sound practically flawless.

## The Tribulations of Tanya

By Anna Zinkeisen and Laurel Pascal



*Fair Helen launched a thousand ships*
*And it is said she made no slips,*
*But Tanya's aim was not so true—*
*She missed the boat—but caught the crew!*

As regards presentation, I thought the Italian and Swiss O.B. producers and cameramen still have something to learn, but the excitement of the occasion made up for any little ineptitudes there were.

JUST why *Witchwood* did not turn out to be one of television's smash-hits is not easy to determine. John Buchan's tale of the oppressive seventeenth-century Scottish Kirk, of witchcraft and of the Montrose rising is a violently exciting amalgam—and it was made into a very able script by Donald Wilson. Chloe Gibson directed the artists into a high, even level of performance—so even that one mentions Tom Fleming, Maureen O'Reilly and Alastair Hunter mostly for the size of their parts. Settings by Barry Learoyd—excellent; and, as far as Dennis Vance's planning and camera control were concerned, the production was faultless. But presumably Mr. Vance was also responsible for the tempo, and it was the lethargic progress that made what should have been a thrilling play into something very near a bore.

The following week brought *The Mistress of Jalna*, a chunk out of the *Whiteoaks* chronicle by Mazo de la Roche. Here the pace of the play itself was fundamentally leisurely, but the production, by Douglas Allen, admirably slick and well-contrived. Once again the setting must be mentioned, for Stephen Bundy's richly decorated, late-Victorian, Colonial home was quite beautiful. When you have an ageing female dragon in a play, the longing to see her humbled is intense—and, of course, it is a gift of a part to play. Jean Anderson seized that gift with claw-like avidity.

Stripped of some, but not all, of its *chichi*, the second *Pat Kirkwood Show* showed a considerable improvement on the first. Miss Kirkwood was in good form, and Messrs. Jewel and Warriss guest-comedianed most drolly. But I do wish there would be an end to the pointless film sequences which begin these programmes.

Please can we have some more of Mr. Fred Emney? His tentative first programme *Emney Enterprises*, with a most risible script by the Big Man himself and Max Kester, filled me with considerable joy.

NOW for a quick pick around next fortnight's schedule. Sunday, June 20th—instead of the usual play—will bring a stellar jubilee programme, *A Theatre is Born*, in honour of the fiftieth birthday of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Among the stars taking part will be Pamela Brown, Trevor Howard, Anthony Quayle, Sonia Dresdel and Hugh Williams. Two days later, on June 22nd, you can see a new comedy by Margery Sharp, *The Birdcage Room*, which will be repeated on June 24th. This is a class-warfare story told amusingly, and with the unusual twist that the poor old upper classes get a pat on the back. Also on June 22nd there will be a performance of *The Baby*, adapted by Wolf Mankowitz from a story of Chekov. Full-length Chekov comes on June 27th and July 1st in the shape of *The Three Sisters*.

That about wraps up the plays, but there are two interesting music events. On June 20th Yvonne Arnaud, a brilliant actress and also a distinguished pianist, will give a recital. And on June 25th there will be a studio performance of Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana*, conducted by Vilem Tausky.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT: On the jacket of Gavin Holt's book *Take Away the Lady*, one is informed no fewer than three times that it is the story of the "successful television play." I see no reason why this thriller should not be equally successful, for it is very readable.

*Specially drawn for "THE SKETCH" by Anton.*

"IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR YOU, DARLING ; FLESH COLOUR SUITS YOU."

This Is Well Worth Saving

# Nature Still Holds Sway at Selborne

The parifh of SELBORNE lies in the extreme eaftern corner of the county of *Hampfhire*, bordering on the county of *Suffex*, and not far from the county of *Surrey*; is about fifty miles fouth-weft of *London*, in latitude 51, and near midway between the towns of *Alton* and *Petersfield*.

IT is in summer a quiet and sun-drenched village, lying below Selborne Hanger, a hump of long-armed beeches in full leaf. Most of the houses are old and low-ceilinged, most of red brick, many still thatched, their gardens untidy with red and yellow flowers. It is a village "unspoiled" (to use the estate agent's cliché), its few new council houses huddling with humility on the outskirts. Many of the villagers still work on the land; they have old Hampshire names—Pink, Christmas, Cooper; the last Earwacker died only recently. There are no old-world tea-shops in the village, with cardboard cakes and curling bread and pretty maids all on the go, in spite of the fact that Selborne is a tourists' haunt as June wears into July, and July into August; only the post-office seems to sell picture-postcards, and this perhaps only to encourage the sale of twopenny stamps.

Selborne is in literary country, as one drives from Alton—which has an excellent and honest baker's shop; my doughnut had jam in it. Jane Austen lived at Chawton, Mary Russell Mitford at Alresford; at Worldham, Chaucer's son had a manor. And Selborne itself, of course, was the home of the great literary-naturalist, parson Gilbert White, of whom Edward Clerihew Bentley wrote:

*"Dinner-time?" said Gilbert White,*
*"Yes, yes—certainly—all right.*
*Just let me finish this note*
*About the Lesser White-Bellied Stoat."*

White's grandfather, also Gilbert White, had held the living at Selborne, and White was born there in 1720. He did not succeed to the living, however. It was in the gift of Magdalen College, Oxford, and White was a fellow of Oriel. But in the days of absentee incumbents, this was no bar to his residing at Selborne. White held a living in Northants, and paid a curate to look after it; he himself remained where he was, some of the time as curate to the absentee incumbent of the neighbouring parish of Faringdon, at the end of his life as curate of Selborne itself. He lived at his grandfather's house, The Wakes, and, except for a year's proctorship at Oxford, never left it for any appreciable time.

The Wakes is much as it was. Bits have been built on to it, certainly, but the original cottage is there in the middle like a very large cherry in dark-brown fruit-cake. In the garden you may see the path White laid down so that he could visit his bird-watching arbor without getting his feet wet (he had a pathological hatred of dirty shoes); each stone was later pulled up, numbered, and replaced in its exact position by the fanatical naturalist, Bell, of London University; now grass has grown over the stretches of the path, and horses put out to pasture nuzzle the trees at the site of the arbor. Still in the garden is White's sundial, which Fred Terry, the actor, admired so much that he had it copied, and carried it around for years as a theatrical prop. The curve of the lawn where Timothy the tortoise once crawled is patterned with daisies and—alas!—plantains, the gardener's bane, but one part-time gardener is hard put to keep the place as sleek as once it was, and nettles, clover, and tall chickweed are found beneath the blossom of the apple boughs. Yet White's old study looks out across the lawns and pasture to the Beech Hanger, to which still leads the zig-zag path he planned, and, on the other side of the house, the limes he planted outside the butcher's shop to mask its "blood and filth" are sturdy trees; even the butcher's shop remains, though its front is empty now and barred.

I visited the church, so loaded with historical interest that I have not the space to mention any of it. White's grave, the object of my pilgrimage, was in the churchyard—a plain, weathered stone at head and foot, and on it is written only "G. W. 24TH JUNE, 1793." To reach it, you must skirt what is surely the oldest yew-tree in Britain: it dates from about 1300, my guide told me, its 28-ft. bole still unsplit by weather or seekers after firewood.

★

*Taste ever shifts in half a score of years.*
*A changeful public may alarm thy fears;*
*Who now reads Cowley?—The sad doom await,*
*Since such as these are now may be thy fate,*
*For Cloacina with resistless sway*
*Demands her right, and authors must obey.*

SO White wrote "*To Myself Commencing Author.*" But *The Natural History of Selborne* has escaped Cloacina; it has run into 200 editions, and naturalists all over the world have translated it into their native languages. The Wakes is a place of pilgrimage, but it is a place in danger. At present the house and property (some 28 acres of parkland and eight cottages) are up for sale. A Gilbert White Fund has been formed to try to raise enough money to buy them and to present them to the National Trust, so that the house and village may remain as they are; donations may be sent to the Treasurer of the Fund at the National and Provincial Bank, Alton.

Change is a law of life, but most laws have their exceptions, and it is good that, within the flux of present and future, there should be caught and held some moments of time past. Most of us would be sorry to see the peace of Selborne swept away.

JOHN BOWEN.

Armand and Michaela Denis at Whipsnade visit the Peruvian llamas, mother and child

A ride on a rhinoceros—"a lovely creature, but temperamental. In fact, a prima donna," says Michaela Denis.

# We Take Off Our Hat To . . .

**ARMAND and MICHAELA DENIS : Famous Explorers Who Spent a Busman's Holiday Exploring Whipsnade Zoo.**

Though they left for Africa at 6 a.m. last Friday (June 10th), Armand and Michaela Denis found time to admire the wild life of Whipsnade. Armand has been an explorer for twenty-five years. A research chemist, he "struck it lucky," and decided to make a trip round the world. Even then he was interested in cinematography, and took the opportunity to make a film ; it was *Kriss*, the first film to be made about Bali, and was such a success that he has been making films ever since. Just over five years ago he and Michaela were married in Potosi, Bolivia, the highest city in the world : a dress designer, she had gone there to collect native textile patterns. One of their films, *Below the Sahara*, opened at the Odeon, Leicester Square, last week ; three others are on the stocks at Ealing Studios.

That Ain't Hay. For a hippopotamus, this is just a snack between meals.

T.V. cameraman, Mike Lewis, films Michaela Denis with a baby wallaby.

Elephants are tidy eaters, and *never* bite the hand that feeds them.

*Peke David*, the baby deer, is fed by bottle, and demands it just as determinedly as some babies we know. Michaela Denis does duty for momma.

Penguins get tired of being so darned formal all the time. *On the left*: T.V.'s Cecil Madden.

*The Orator* (Alex Schouvaloff) with *Calliope* (Gillian Palmer).

" '*Twas on a morn (wasted was June two days)*
*When first the rumour spread that She was nigh ;*
*To reading, undergraduates said Good-bye,*
*And even dons forsook tutorials on the sly.*"

Her Royal Highness watches from an improvised throne. To her right are the Chancellor, with, beyond him, the Vice-Chancellor, Sir Maurice Bowra ; to her left are the Principal of St. Hilda's and Lord Bicester, Lord Lieutenant.

A scene from the foreshortened tragedy. *The Huntsman* (Daibhidh Mitchell), *Hubris* (Patrick Kavanagh) and *Basileus* (John Eggins). "*My liege, this way. Now might I do it—thus !*" (*Offers to stab him.*)

# Oxford Stages Princess

WHEN Princess Margaret visited St. Hilda's College, Oxford, on June 3rd, the undergraduates of the University, never averse to theatrical junketings, presented before her a masque, *Porci Ante Margeritam*, or *The Muses' Offering*. Performed in the open air to the dulcet accompaniment of low-flying aircraft, the masque was in traditional form. A Princess is expected. Apollo tells the Muses to get busy and think up an entertainment worthy of her. So each Muse produces her speciality, but each is voted not up to scratch, Melpomene, indeed, being interrupted in full tragic flow before she can commit a murder that would mar the sunshine of a Royal occasion. At the end, Minerva remarks acidly that the

*Specially photographed for*

*Apollo* (John Stranack) addresses the Princess "*Keep Oxford in Thy Memory, Whose spires henceforth shall dream of Thee.*"

*Scholar* (P. Dromgoole) *Margaret, a name historically frequent: But where to find a tale both prop'r and piquant ?*

*Erato* (Kasia Smolenska) and *Marmoratus* (John Tayler) : "*My longs, alas, are all erotick ones. . . . But here goes . . .*"

*Terpsichore* (Pauline Griffith) stands in the midst of some assorted continents. They are *Europe* (Valerie Baxter), *Asia* (Genia Chong), *Africa* (Nandini Mehta), and *America* (Margaret Newton).

*Ancilla* (Pamela Moore) and *Senex* (Howard Baker). *"Think not that gratitude should draw me to such a filthy old thing, but that thou, who hast given me such elegancies, might as easily take them away."*

# a Masque for Margaret

Princess has been watching for some time. There being little point in further bickering, the whole cast joins in offering love and duty to Her Highness.

An invited audience watched from wooden chairs on what was mercifully a fine afternoon. The Princess laughed at the jokes, and, next day, a note arrived for the author from Buckingham Palace. For one chair had been empty, one tiny hand had been . . . well, not stilled exactly, because it was writing busily in an examination hall. Brian Brindley, who wrote the masque, in regulation costume of sub-fusc suit and white bow tie, was, during the performance, attempting to satisfy the examiners in the Honours School of Modern History.

*"THE SKETCH" by Edmark.*

*Apollo*, his huntsmen, and a *Blackamoor* (Eric Grant) open the masque. *"Keep holy silence! Ev'ry tongue be still!"*

*Minerva* (Ann Billington): *"Brother, too late, your efforts all are vain, You cannot play this Masque right thro' again. The Princess came upon you unaware, And watched your revels thro'. Behold Her there!"*

SUR LA PLAGE—Camille Monet et sa Sœur : by Claude Monet. Marlborough Gallery. (Privately owned.)

LES FALAISES D'ETRETAT : by Claude Monet. Marlborough Gallery. (Privately owned.)

CHILD EATING : by Jacob Bornfriend. Roland, Browse and Delbanco. (65 gns.)

NOW I HAVE ONLY MY DOG : by Denton Welch. Leicester Galleries. (50 gns.)

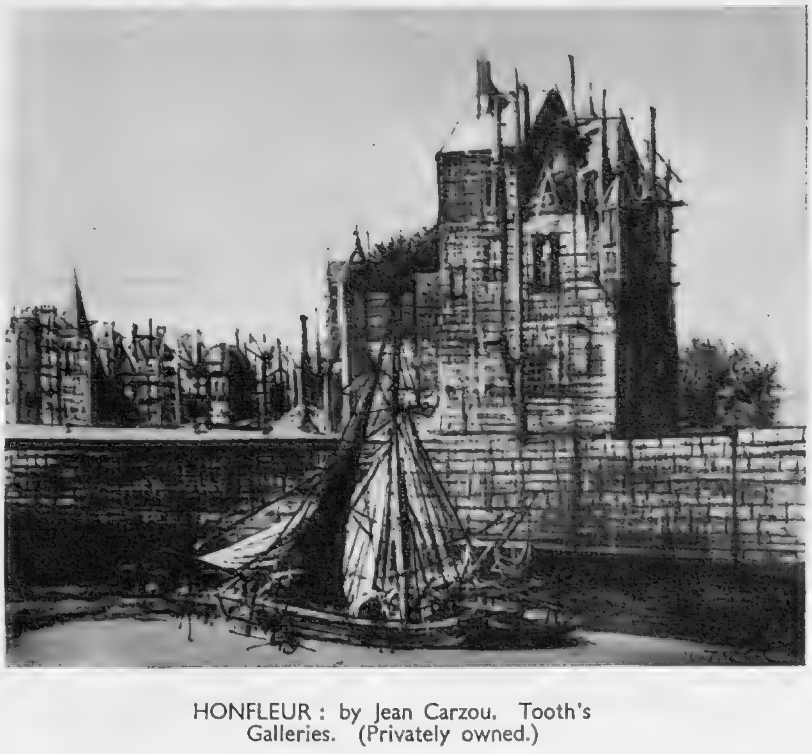
THE CENTAURESS : by Roland Pym. Trafford Gallery. (40 gns.)

PAINTING : by Georges Braque. Institute of Contemporary Arts. (Privately owned.)

THE VILLAGE WEDDING : by Jules R. Hervé. Williams and Son, Grafton Street. (55 gns.)

# Around the Art Galleries

Of the painters whose work is reproduced on these pages, Monet and Braque, at least, do not need introduction ; the Monet exhibition at the Marlborough Gallery opened yesterday (June 15th) and will run until July 30th, and the Braque exhibition may be seen until July 3rd. At the Leicester Galleries until the end of this month are the strange sad pictures of Denton Welch, whose death in December 1948 was as great a loss to letters as to painting ; Welch was crippled in 1935, and both his painting and his prose have the "sick" quality of detail carefully observed and remembered in regret and longing. Also on view at the Leicester Galleries is work by John Craxton and Charles Dufresne. Jean Carzou has been described as "the rage of Paris"—a city frequently roused, we understand, to artistic enthusiasms ! He has worked for the theatre and ballet, and one of the paintings in his exhibition at the Tooth Gallery is of the garden of the British Embassy ; the exhibition will run until June 26th. Another theatrical painter is Roland Pym, whose work will be shown at the Trafford Gallery until July 10th, and whose exhibition there includes a number of designs originally made for the stage. Finally, Roland, Browse and Delbanco are showing, until the end of June, the paintings of Leonard Rosoman and Jacob Bornfriend, a Czech, one of whose canvases we reproduce at the left.



HONFLEUR : by Jean Carzou. Tooth's Galleries. (Privately owned.)

AT THE CINEMA with C. A. LEJEUNE

# The Colours of the Rainbow

## *The Rainbow Jacket*

*(Odeon, Leicester Square)*

EVEN if your interest in horse-racing is limited to a little bit each way on the Derby, you shouldn't miss this splendid British racing picture.

Ealing's T. E. B. Clarke, who wrote it, has always been a rare one for the gee-gees. He had very little research work to do on *The Rainbow Jacket*, and freely admits that the task provided him with a good excuse to attend every possible race meeting throughout the flat season. When the film was finished, and several of the horses used in it were put up for sale, "Tibby" Clarke achieved a long ambition. He became an owner as well as fancier and punter. He took a liking to a chestnut gelding named *Zator*, who in the film runs second in the Leger. He bought it, and intends to run it in his own racing colours next season.

All this is by-the-way, but *The Rainbow Jacket* is a film in which the by-the-way touches take on a remarkable importance. Broadly speaking, the story deals with the relations between a "warned-off" jockey (Bill Owen), the boy (Fella Edmonds) whom he secretly trains to be the great rider he might have been himself, and the boy's widowed mother (Kay Walsh), who cares a lot for both of them.

This main story is sincerely and often touchingly acted, but the most memorable parts of *The Rainbow Jacket* are the informed glimpses behind the scenes. For the first time, so far as my memory serves, we are allowed to see the real *workings* of the racing world, from the moment an apprentice climbs into the saddle for the first time and "does" his first horse, to the day when he wins the St. Leger. We are taken into the jockeys' changing-room, with its tapestry of shining "silks"; the weighing-room and the Stewards' room; and even up the ladder to the little perch where the starter presses the pedal for the off.

The film, in attractive colour, has had the sense to go to Newmarket, Epsom Downs, Sandown Park, Lingfield and Doncaster for its scenes. The races are brilliantly photographed. The atmosphere of the racecourse is always there. Sir Gordon Richards in person bobs up every now and then with a characteristic line. Robert Morley, Wilfrid Hyde-White and Michael Trubshawe make a dry delight of a trio of Stewards of the Jockey Club. The result is a very British picture, full of native sport, native heart and native fun; and if the plot doesn't disdain a touch of Nat Gould melodrama, I am not grumbling.

## *Gate of Hell*

*(Rialto)*

THE fourth Japanese film to be shown in this country, *Gate of Hell*, is the first in colour. It won the Grand Prix at the Cannes Festival last year, and I should say that the award was well deserved. It is a strange, fascinating, *composed* and at many times strikingly beautiful film, set in the period which, to the Western mind, seems most attractively Japanese—the early Middle Ages.

As far as can be ascertained, the rebellion or small civil war, with which it so spiritedly opens, is a matter of history. There is a great deal of hustle and bustle here, shots of galloping horses, deploying armies, men fighting in the background while excited cocks are fighting in the foreground, everywhere a sense of urgency, of violence, of confusion.

But the rebellion is a short one, and pretty soon *Gate of Hell* settles down to its main story, a much quieter affair, and one far easier to follow. A certain warrior named Moritoh, a man of huge strength and violent passions, is invited to choose a reward for his heroism in battle. He demands the hand of Kesa, a lady-in-waiting at the court. When told she is already the wife of Wataru, an officer of the Imperial Guard, he determines to get her by foul means, if not by fair. The rest of the film, done with a mounting tension in some ways reminiscent of the last acts of *Othello*, shows how the gentle Kesa contrives that she herself shall be the victim of the murderous attack against her husband.

The husband-and-wife love-story is most tenderly told, and the etiquette of court and domestic life in eleventh-century Japan proves fascinating to watch. One of the highlights is a mediæval horse-race, run in teams, which stirs memories, with its gay flags and pavilions, of the tournaments in *Knights of the Round Table* and *Prince Valiant*. What colour such a race would lend to our modern meetings at Alexandra Park or on Newmarket Heath!

And talking of colour, I suppose that colour is really the first and foremost charm of this Japanese film. The director has chosen and wedded his colours with a true painter's eye. Shot after shot almost takes one's breath away with its sheer beauty of composition, its sense of depth and texture, its changes of tone as lamps are lit or dimmed. 3-D perspective seems crude beside the artist's perspective achieved here. I felt I wanted to take home and frame at least a hundred of these wonderful Japanese prints.

The two leading actors (Kazuo Hasegawa and Isao Yanagata), who might roughly be described as the Robert Newton and James Stewart of Japan, have been cleverly chosen to show the contrasting types of the fiery Moritoh and the grave, gentle Wataru. Tiny Machiko Kyo (the girl from *Rashomon*) makes an exquisite ivory figurine of Kesa. My only complaint against the film; the sub-titles are not only out of touch with the film's character, but often difficult to read.

---

### GASTRO — LYRIC

*By Justin Richardson*

VOLAILLE

*Partridge, grouse, pigeon—*
*I will never fail;*

*But it's those tiny birds that*
*make me quail.*

---

## *Some Other New Films*

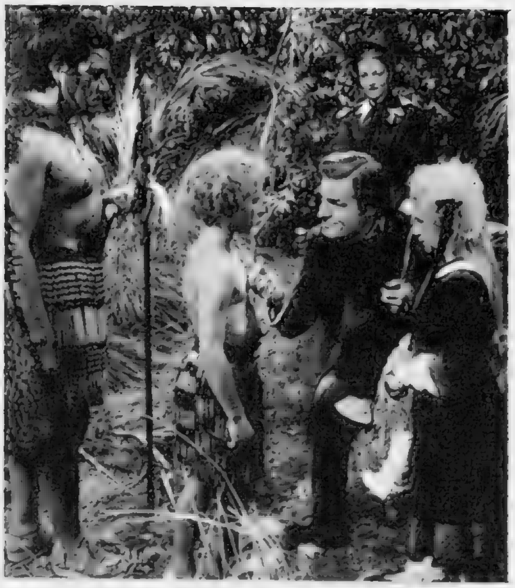
LUCKY ME (Warner).—CinemaScope adds little to this musical about four bankrupt entertainers, who have to work in the kitchens of a swank Miami hotel to pay their dinner bill. Doris Day adds a great deal. Her jaunty walk, her sunny face, her general air of happiness—even the way she has of singing fractionally off-beat—are things that never fail to fascinate. Robert Cummings appears opposite her as the song-writer who eventually gives her a starring part on Broadway. Phil Silvers has the bulk of comedy to carry. Apart from Miss Day; so-so.

PHANTOM OF THE RUE MORGUE (London Pavilion).—Bold but misguided attempt to improve on Edgar Allan Poe's classic essay in deduction by turning it into a 3-D horror film (with glasses). In spite of the unpleasant objects hurled at us from the screen, and the ear-splitting shrieks as victim after victim meets her doom, the general effect is ludicrous rather than horrific. Best performer; an orang-outang with a split personality.

MISS SADIE THOMPSON (Gaumont).—Rita Hayworth in a modernised and modified version of Somerset Maugham's *Rain*, with a number of husky U.S. Marines helping the heroine through the bad weather. Aldo Ray is the clean-minded sergeant who makes up to Sadie for the missionary's lust. José Ferrer's missionary seems a curiously ineffectual job from the man who played Toulouse-Lautrec and Cyrano.

THE NAKED JUNGLE (Plaza).—A cocoa-planter in South America at the turn of the century, too busy to find a wife for himself, orders one by mail from New Orleans. On arrival, she turns out to be charming, cultured and intelligent, but a widow; and the planter doesn't care for second-hand property. A lot of caustic remarks are passed this way and that before an army of soldier ants, advancing on the plantation in a column 20 miles long by 4 miles wide, throw the couple into each other's arms.

JOHNNY GUITAR (Leicester Square).—Period Western, in rather washy colour, set in Arizona, in the early days of the railroad. Sterling Hayden appears in the rôle, so fashionable nowadays, of the reluctant gun-fighter who rides mysteriously out of the everywhere into here.



A newcomer to New Zealand (Stephen Vercoe) makes the acquaintance of the young son (Andrew Cross) of pioneer Philip Wayne.

Philip Wayne (Jack Hawkins) and his friend Paddy (Noel Purcell) are captured by hostile Maoris soon after their landing in New Zealand.

Childbirth in the wilds. Wishart (Kenneth Williams), Wayne and Paddy run to the assistance of Mrs. Wayne (Glynis Johns).

Laya Raki is the German-Javanese dancer who plays the part of the Maori princess, Moana, in *The Seekers*. Pioneer stories usually run to type ; Moana falls in love with the dashing white hero, and gives her life to save him from a fearful fate.

# "THE SEEKERS"—A STORY OF NEW ZEALAND

Filmed in Eastmancolour in New Zealand, *The Seekers* is a story of the early days of the Dominion. Jack Hawkins and Glynis Johns go through a colourful series of adventures to found a white settlement there, and Inia Te Wiata (already famous as a bass baritone with Covent Garden Opera) plays the chieftain who has to choose between revenge or friendship—he chooses friendship. Ken Annakin (of *Holiday Camp*, *Miranda* and *You Know What Sailors Are*) directed. Set against New Zealand's forests and hills in the picturesque days of the pioneers, the film promises to be exciting. It has its première at the Odeon, Leicester Square, next week.

MOTORING with WILLIAM HARTLEY

# Vauxhall Bedford Dormobile

I WAS prompted by a friend to ask Vauxhalls for the loan of a Bedford *Dormobile*. My friend has five children and he runs this vehicle as a family car. This intrigued me, and so this report follows.

The *Dormobile* is the combined product of Vauxhall and coachbuilders Martin Walter Ltd., of Folkestone. It is really a commercial vehicle in its standard form, and the interesting point is that no purchase tax has to be paid. The law describes as free of tax any vehicle that carries twelve or more people. It matters not if it is used as a private car! And the *Dormobile* does just that within the legal requirement.

To obtain this large interior, the driving-seat is placed well forward, and, in fact, the engine projects into the driving compartment beside the driver's legs. The very ample space behind has ingenious seats which can be arranged as two long benches to seat five-a-side, or facing forwards to seat two amidships and three aft. In this form, they are really comfortable, being well sprung and upholstered with a durable washable plastic. For load-carrying, these seats can be swung against the sides, leaving a large space 7 ft. long and almost 5 ft. wide, except for wheel-arches. Access to the rear is through two doors, with a folding step; access to the driver's seat, by sliding doors.

The chassis must bear a close relationship to that of the Vauxhall *Wyvern*, the engine being the same unit. Suspension and steering are normal and as expected. The performance on the road, while not as fast as a smaller car powered by the same unit, is adequate. I found a maximum of around 65 m.p.h., and a good cruising speed around the 50 mark. That, it is true, was driving solo; it may well drop when laden, but there is ample power, I am sure. As for the m.p.g., I reckon that you should get approaching 30 on general use.

The forward driving position is strange, even to me, who have often driven buses with a similar position. There is nothing to gauge one's width by, and practice was needed to be sure of close passing. I could not help "playing trams" in getting close up to other things when halted in traffic or elsewhere!

I can now well understand why my friend suggested I should try the *Dormobile*. As a family man, he finds it just the thing, and even uses it for camping holidays, when the two long bench seats form two excellent beds of ample length for a tall man.

So this *Dormobile* seems to me to be a first-rate proposition for the country-dweller who often needs to carry produce or other goods, and who may have a large family, or even like to take his own bed with him on occasion. Full credit must go to Martin Walter's for a very smart piece of work and really good execution of an idea. And to be able to buy this for £545 WITHOUT PURCHASE TAX (oh, joy, to write those words!) is splendid. The demand is, as one might expect, pretty great, and one has to wait for delivery for the *Dormobile* almost as long as for anything else on the market.

## CURRENT TOPICS

### Summer Motoring

SO summer is upon us! Or so the Editor and the calendar tell me. Mind you, the weather may well change before these notes appear, in which case I will claim some credit for daring it to do so. However, we are now so used to odd seasons that we behave as if it were summer even if the elements are providing March winds and April showers in flaming June.

So, summer motoring. A few thoughts on its special problems would not, perhaps, be amiss. Main roads leave me cold, and I find the traffic unbearable. It is my general rule to seek out an alternative route wherever my duties and my pleasures take me. And, while I have no wish to popularise this habit, do be assured that it pays. The pleasure of such travel more than compensates for what is often only a slightly longer distance. The study of a decent map will usually show an alternative route, frequently parallel to the crowded and allegedly "first-class" road. I am now reminded of the good lady who, upon being recommended to buy a good map showing second-class roads, spurned the suggestion with a haughty "only the best is good enough for me!"

Other points I try to observe in summer motoring are: more frequent topping-up of batteries; aiming to park in the shade to avoid hot sun on paint or tyres; and extra frequent brake adjustment.

### Private Research

THE opening of the Motor Industry Research Association's Laboratories and Proving Ground by the Minister of Transport (of which establishment I wrote two weeks ago) has brought to public notice the vast amount of work that is being done by the industry on their behalf. But it is not to be assumed that all research and development work is done there. Most manufacturers have their own experimental departments hard at work, and I recently spent a fascinating hour or so in that of the Standard Motor Company.

Really, they think of just about everything! On the one hand there are complex test gears for the running and testing of complete transmission units. Elsewhere a small rig works away automatically to investigate the life of the teeth in which the starter engages; this suffers the impact of a start every four seconds or so, hour after hour, day after day. Elsewhere still, a shock-absorber is operated through its full stroke thousands of times until it fails.

This is the sort of background to successful products and perhaps one reason why our makers have had such success in world markets.

### Grumble Department

I'VE not got an unusually large chip on my shoulder, but I do run up against so many things that make me as a motorist see McCarthy's favourite colour. In Bedfordshire, they have an odd habit of not putting the distance against some of the place-names on signposts. You can see how far it is to villages close by that one has never heard of, but, as for Cambridge or Bedford, or even York and London, just the name is given, and not the mileage. Can it be that the County Council is too parochial, and, because the further places are not within Beds. itself, the Council spurns the idea that anyone might want to go there?

Why should not cyclists carry mirrors? Surely it's safer to look over one's shoulder in a car than on a cycle? And I've seen so many motor-cycles lacking in this piece of equipment of late that I am truly surprised. If only everyone would appreciate that a mirror constantly used is the greatest possible aid to safety!

Finally, why must British Railways charge us a shilling to park in station yards when making a journey on their trains? Any pub or cinema that did likewise would soon go out of business. But then, there is no other railway, is there?

# Our Fashion Portfolio

by NORAH OWEN

## The Sun is Lovely

Summer is here and the sun is lovely. For long, golden days on the beach we show beachwear that is bright and gay. *Left:* A finger-tip, royal towelling jacket, about 9 gns., so useful to slip over a neat yellow swimsuit, 5½ gns. Worn with an enormous straw sun-hat, 12s. 6d. *Right:* A pretty black-and-yellow, printed poplin sun-dress, with a matching bolero, 9½ gns. All from *Harvey Nichols.* The flat yellow leather sandals, 39s. 11d., from Lotus. Wicker chair from Harrods.

*Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Denis Hughes-Gilbey.*

## OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

# The Sun is Lovely

WHEN the sun shines our minds turn readily to thoughts of holidays, and, because we are an island people, inevitably to the sea. Beach-clothes, with their vivid colouring and their contemporary lines, throw a splash of gaiety into our lives. Even the girl who never gets further afield than a day-trip to Brighton, buys a beach-dress, and those who follow the sun have an ever-changing beach-wardrobe. One word of warning: beach-wear is not for the city. In the recent heat-wave, it was difficult not to believe that Knightsbridge was by the sea!

*Above:* Under a large umbrella from Harrods, we show (*left*) a sun-dress in three shades of blue heavy linen, trimmed with white cord. It consists of a playsuit and skirt; the skirt can be shortened by fastening the cord loops to buttons higher up. Price 12 gns. Blue-and-cream fringed straw hat, 19s. 11d. (*Right*) A sleek dungaree suit in black linen, with a halter-top and tight mid-calf trousers. Price 10 gns. The cone-shaped straw hat costs 23s. 11d. All are from the *Young Liberty Shop*. The wicker chair and the beach ball are from Harrods. Yellow leather sandals, 39s. 11d., from Lotus, New Bond Street.

*Right:* For the girl who likes to go through the sunny days remaining pale and untanned, covering herself up and smiling at the rays of the sun from under a shady hat, we show (*left*) a skirt in straw-cloth, patterned in black-and-red on white, with a black jersey top, cuffed with the gay print. There is a matching play-suit, if the lady is tempted to sun-bathe. Price 13½ gns. The big black hat costs 35s. (*Right*) For the girl who actually goes into the water, here is a streamlined black-and-yellow striped satin swim-suit, price 7 gns. This can be amply covered by a large black towelling stole, yellow-fringed, price 4½ gns. All are from the *Playdeck, Marshall and Snelgrove.*

For the unconventional (*left*) we show a pink sun-top, tying on the shoulders, 3½ gns., with white cotton jeans, bows above the ankles, gaily printed in pink-and-gold, price £7. Flat white and striped bare-heeled sandals, £4 5s. *Right :* For the more conventional sun-lover, a pink-and-white candy-striped button-through blouse and skirt, with knife-pleated hem-flounce. Price £8 15s. The white kid high-heeled sandals cost £5 17s. 6d. Beach bag, 1 guinea. All are from *Simpson*, Piccadilly. The coloured-topped, bamboo-legged garden table comes from Harrods.

## OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

# Elegant Economy

Towelling has become a popular and exciting fashion fabric, and we show a tailored, zip-through, belted shirt-dress, in pale blue towelling that has a multitude of uses. Designed as a beach-robe to be put over a damp swim-suit after a bathe, it could also be used for the bathroom, as a house-coat, a kitchen overall, or for a job where water plays a large part—washing clothes, the pots, the car, and surely ideal for bathing the children. Price £5 11s. 9d. from the *Army and Navy Stores.* Pastel-coloured striped rope-soled Baffeez beach-shoes, 13s. 8d., from Lilley and Skinner.

## BEAUTY FOR THE BEACH

KEEP YOUR HAIR DRY. A bathing problem for the swimming enthusiast is to find a cap that really keeps the hair dry. A discovery is "Trident," made by W. W. Haffenden, a light and comfortable cap that fits the head, keeps the water out, and is easy to slip on and off, and tuck your hair into. Price 6s. 11d., from leading stores and chemists.

"SEASIDE" HAIR. Hair that has not even been into the sea, but has been blown about by sea breezes, becomes difficult to manage, brittle and unattractive. There is an easy-to-use conditioning cream which will improve and protect the hair, if used after shampooing. It can be used for children's hair, and will prevent the tangling, which is one of the results of family holidays by the sea. A tube of "*Countess*," sufficient for ten treatments, costs 3s. 11d.

A LOVELY TAN. Every year we make resolutions that we will not be caught by the sun, but every year someone in the family goes through the hideous stages of redness, blistering, peeling; if they are left with a tan, one wonders "Is it worth it?" Innoxa have produced a cream which prevents the agony, but allows the sun to penetrate and give the required tan. This cool cream is waterproof and is tinted to disguise the naked whiteness of a body's first few days in the sun. *Innoxa Tan* is in tubes, price 2s. 11d. and 4s. 6d., from stores and chemists.

FRESH AND FRAGRANT. In warm weather, talcum powder brings back the fragrant freshness that we knew as children. It can be used by all the family, and is a "must" when travelling, after bathing, and for sandy, sticky feet. *Cussons* offer a number of unusual perfumes, prettily packed: "Lilac Blossom," 1s. 10d., "Apple Blossom," 2s. 9d., "Blue Hyacinth," 3s. 6d. Their "Imperial Leather" is an old favourite, particularly with men, price 2s. 9d.

NICE TO BE NEAR. We are now used to advertisements all around that make us think. On a warm day, in any crowd, we are conscious of the necessity for this propaganda. Everyone (and I think this includes men as well) should have some form of deodorant and antiperspirant in their bathroom and should use it regularly during hot weather. *Mum Lotion* is easy, pleasant and safe to use, and reasonable in price, selling at 2s. 5d. a bottle.

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Wonderfully simple—wonderfully beneficial liquid beauty preparations . . . each created by Charles of the Ritz to fill a specific skin care need.
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A lotion that soothes and cools your skin—leaving it completely clean and refreshed. 9/– to 25/9d.
VELVET TEXTURE LOTION
An over-night lubricant that provides all the rich oils dry or sensitive skin requires—yet leaves no oily traces on linens, lingerie or you! 18/6d.
REVENESCENCE LIQUID
A moisture-replenishing treatment to be worn under make-up all day through . . . helping your skin to remain soft, smooth, youthful-looking. 31/6d.
LIQUID VEIL
A foundation that's really a veil of loveliness lending flattering colour and concealing coverage, in seven superb shades. Budget size 10/6d. Economy size 18/–.

# Summer Wedding Bells

LESCHALLAS—RENNER : At St. Mary's Church, Liss, on May 15th. Anthony Pige Leschallas, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Leschallas, of Wateringbury, married Lindy Renner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Renner, of Petersfield.

STACEY—BROWN : At St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on May 26th. Miss Pat Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Brown, of Montpelier Avenue, W.5, was married to Mr. J. P. Stacey.

ACKROYD—BERENS : At St. James' Church, Spanish Place, on May 29th. Miss Penelope Berens, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Berens, was married to Mr. Geoffrey Ackroyd.

KOENENKAMP—ADAMS : At the Catholic Church of St. Mary of Perpetual Succour, Hunstanton, Norfolk, on May 28th. Miss Patricia Simms Adams, daughter of H. N. S. Adams, of Brancaster Hall, near King's Lynn, was married to Count Erhart Wilhelm Koenenkamp. The reception was held at Brancaster Hall, and more than seven hundred guests attended.

PAUL—MARLOWE : In the Crypt Chapel of the House of Commons on May 28th. Miss Carola Marlowe, daughter of Mr. Anthony Marlowe, Q.C., M.P. for Hove, was married to Mr. Lyon Balfour Paul, eldest son of Lieut.-Colonel Balfour Paul, Marchmont Herald.

HOLMPATRICK—BRASS : At St. Mary's Church, Haverfordwest, on May 22nd. Miss Anne Loys Roche Brass, only daughter of Commander R. P. Brass, R.N. (retd.), and Mrs. Brass, of Haroldston House, Haverfordwest, was married to Lord Holmpatrick, Cornerstown, Shanklin, Co. Dublin.

(Further Weddings overleaf.)

From leading Stores PAUL BLANCHE LTD., 69 New Bond Street, W.1, and at Wellington Street West, Salford, 7.

# Summer Wedding Bells (Continued)

**DUNWOODY—PHILLIPS :** At the Church of Holy Trinity, Brook Green, Hammersmith, on May 29th. Miss Gwyneth Phillips, the twenty-three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Phillips, was married to Dr. John Dunwoody, of the Gordon Hospital, Vauxhall Bridge Road.

**ADAMS—LAWRENCE :** At All Saints' Church, Oaksey, Wilts, on May 29th. The Hon. Elizabeth Lawrence, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Oaksey, of Hill Farm, Oaksey, near Malmesbury, was married to Philip Adams, of H.M. Foreign Service, son of Dr. and Mrs. G. B. D. Adams, of The Warren House, Wootton-under-Edge.

**Raymond** (raymond)
**Hair** (hair)
**Scissors** (scissors)
**Comb** (comb)
**Sleek** (sleek)
**Flip** (flip)
**Comb** (comb)
**Teasie** (weasie)
**Silver Lustre** (just a touch, now, a touch)
**Comb** (comb)
**Hair** (hair, HAIR)
**Yours?** (yours!)

*Raymond* **Salons de Coiffure aux deux dix-huit**

18 GRAFTON STREET · MAYFAIR · LONDON (*Mayfair 9847*) *Purely Hairdressing*
18 ALBEMARLE STREET · MAYFAIR · LONDON (*Hyde Park 6572*) *Hairdressing and Beauty Treatment*
39 BROMPTON ROAD · KNIGHTSBRIDGE · LONDON (*Knightsbridge 4411*) *Purely Hairdressing*
BOURNE COURT · BOURNEMOUTH (*Bournemouth 6161*) *Purely Hairdressing*

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For 1954 three models are presented—the "Sixty" (4-cyl. 2-litre), the already famous "Seventy-Five", and the "Ninety" (6-cyl. 2½-litre). Progress in design is exemplified by a number of improvements common to all three cars, including synchromesh on second, third and top gears, and a new central gear change. Rubber bushes and sealed bearings virtually eliminate grease-gun service.

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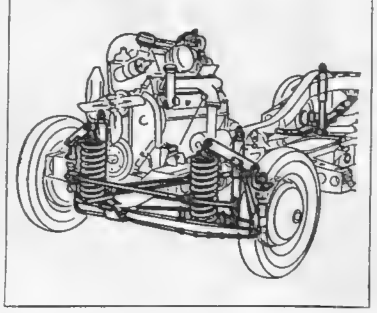

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In every community there are people who have a flair for good-living, a sense of style. That it is such people who have made the Zephyr Zodiac the most admired car of recent years tells you a great deal about the car itself. If you have just discovered the exhilaration of '5-Star' motoring, you will find 1954 a year to remember.

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AF38

# HAPPY WARRIOR

" It's come, Mr. Gerald — a pressing note from the Colonel. He says the old Unit wants me back and he hopes the Dunkirk Spirit still lives on."

" *What, Hawkins, will be the nature of your Home Guard duties?* "

" Night manoeuvres, sir. Some of the ablest dart players have left the neighbourhood—and you may recall that I led the Team to victory in '43."

" *An occasion I am unlikely to forget, Hawkins! . . . Should you ever celebrate a comparable victory, I trust you will not overlook your nightcap of Rose's Lime Juice.*"

" Wisdom, Mr. Gerald, comes with advancing age. Would you care for a glass of gin and Rose's now? "

" *Nice work, Sergeant Hawkins.*"

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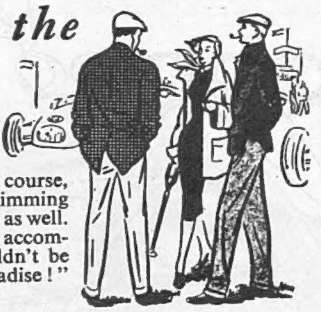

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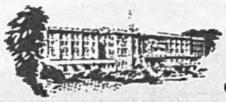

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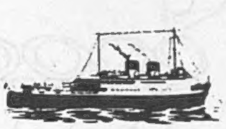

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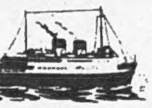

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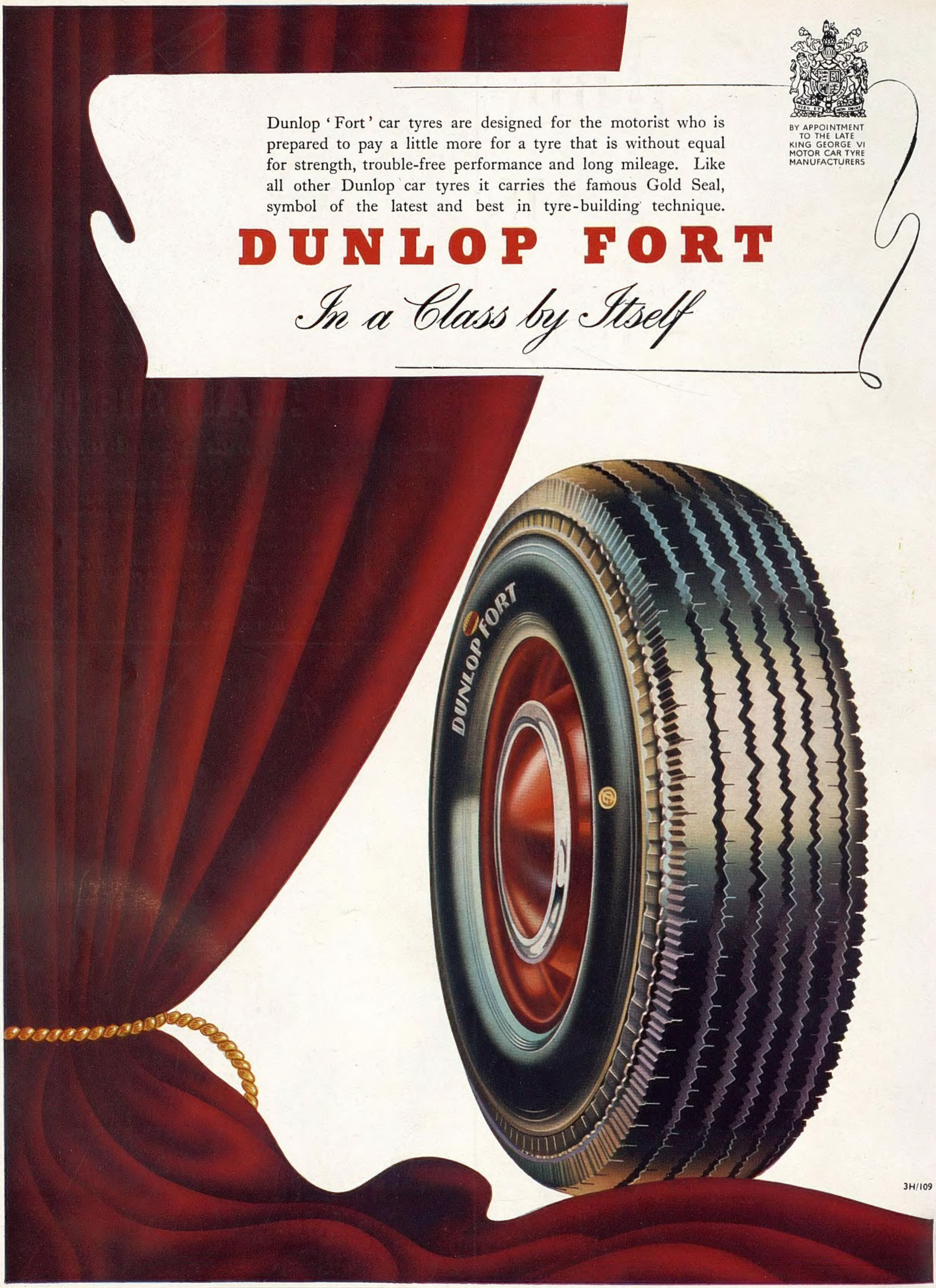


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